

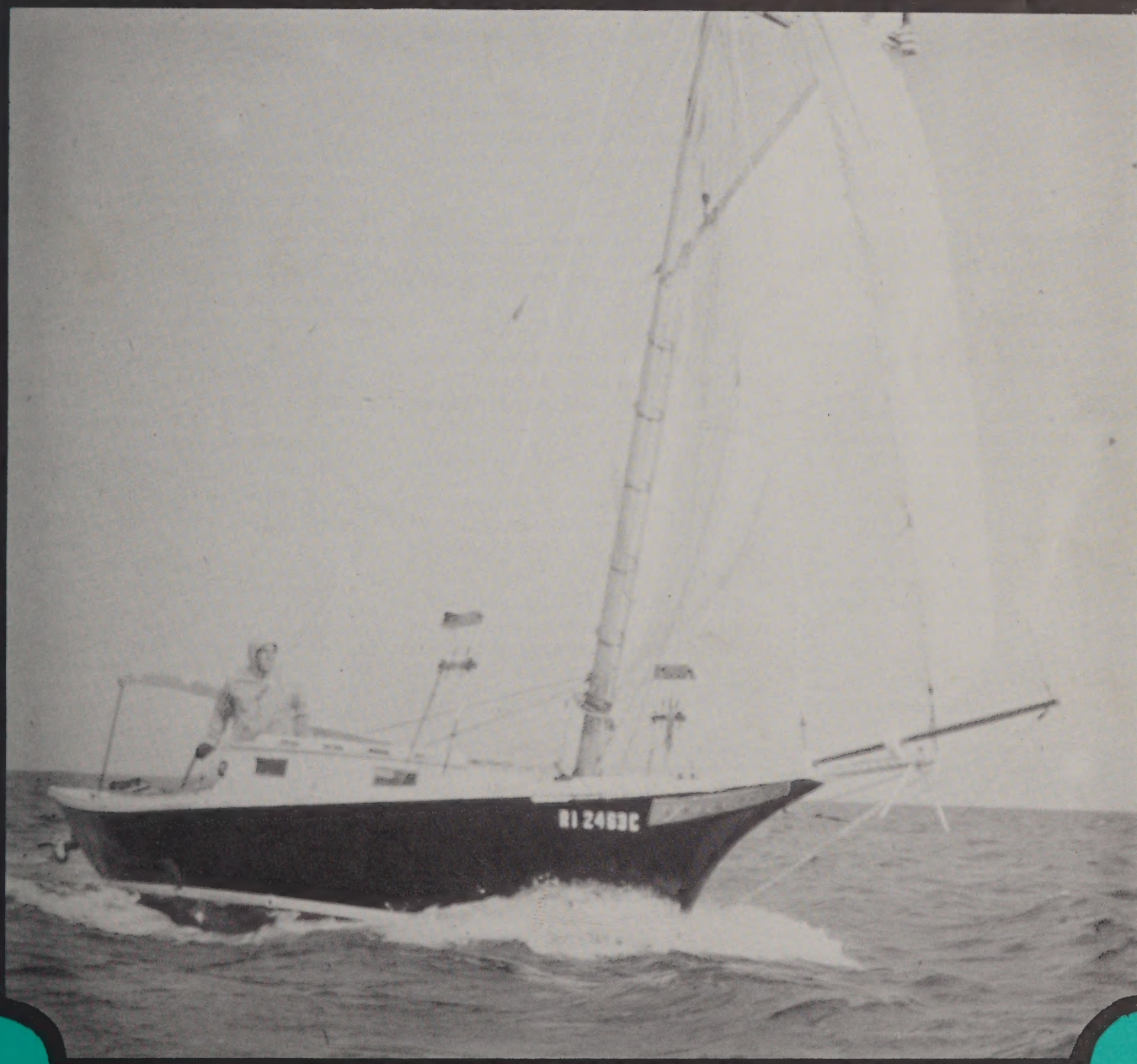


messing about in BOATS

Twice a Month!

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Commentary

**BOB
HICKS**



messing about in BOATS

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OUR GUARANTEE: IF AT ANY
TIME YOU DO NOT FEEL YOU ARE
GETTING YOUR MONEY'S WORTH,
JUST LET US KNOW, WE'LL RE-
FUND YOU THE UNFULFILLED POR-
TION OF YOUR SUBSCRIPTION
PAYMENT.

Our Next Issue...

Will continue our working
down the ever-growing list of sto-
ries of interest. Because we expect
to take our first vacation since
1980 in early February I can't be
sure just how these will line up,
but here are some prospects: Public
access as a community issue in
Gloucester, MA, to New York City
last summer; L.F. Herreshoff's tale
of an overnight on the Dry Break-
ers; a Cape Cod Frosty regatta;
Andy West's Flying Cat Fleet;
what's happening at Maine Maritime
Museum's Apprenticeship; two ea-
sy-to-build lightweight plywood
kayaks; a race in an old Casey
yawl long ago; an ultra shallow
draft outboard marsh boat you can
build; a visit with the Reagans of
Shaw & Tenney; one boatbuilder's
move to Maine and how it turned
out; a look at a sawmill you can
own yourself; etc. etc. There's not
room to list it all.

On the Cover...

Kayakers aren't the only win-
ter boaters on the sea, it seems.
Al Butler tells us in this issue of
an unanticipated hair-raising sail
to Block Island one January in his
younger days in the mini-Friend-
ship on the cover of this issue.

We've just joined another club
having to do with boating, the
Cape Ann Rowing Club located in
Gloucester, MA, on the cape of that
name. I'm not a joiner particularly,
but have, over the years, signed
on with a few clubs having to do
with my recreational interest of the
moment. In recent years this has
been boating, of course. While I'm
not heavily into rowing, as they
say, I do have this 30' Bolger de-
signed bateau that we plan to enter
in some rowing races in 1987
crewed by six women (plus cox-
wain) from the Gloucester Sirens.
They still do not have a boat of
their own, and have raced the
French Gigs in 1986, as well as in
borrowed Monomoy lifeboats. Any-
way, since I sort of would like to
see how they will do in this 250
pound FAST BATEAU, I thought I'd
join the newly forming club.

Another club I belong to is
the Traditional Small Craft Associa-
tion of the Peabody Museum in Sa-
lem, MA. About 6 years ago I was
deeply involved with traditional
small boats, had joined the national
Traditional Small Craft Association,
but wanted to meet people around
my area with similar interests.
Since no local group existed, I
mailed around a call for a gather-
ing to persons in my area who had
attended the Mystic Seaport Small
Craft Workshops and about 50 peo-
ple turned out. Now, 6 years later,
we have about 120 members and
hold monthly meetings from Septem-
ber through June at Salem's Peabo-
dy Museum, featuring programs of
interest to anyone who enjoys small
boats. Some have been exciting,
many informative, a few rather bi-
zarre.

I've taken to running a once a
month page in this magazine listing
clubs I know of related to boating
that are available to you if you are
looking to join one. I support the
general notion of a club as a
bringing together of like-minded
people to share a common interest
and provide mutual support and en-
couragement. A couple of issues a-
go, Joe Reisner remarked on our
Op Ed page about how people form
groups to KEEP OUT others not of
like mind. My support of the club
concept does NOT include that nega-
tive approach.

This is a weird thing we do
do though, decide to band together
a group with a certain interest and
then dream up all sorts of control-
ling restrictions on who can join.
Amazing some of the bylaws in
clubs I have seen. Being involved

some with old cars, I looked into a
local old car club. Wow! They re-
quired me to be sponsored by two
existing members, attend 10 of the
12 monthly meetings (at which at-
tendance was taken), work on cer-
tain club events, all in order to
get past a sort of probationary
membership period.

New clubs are usually easier
to join, they are looking actively
for members. Older clubs often are
the ones that get picky. They have
been around long enough to build
up treasuries, and boy, if there's
one thing that too many club's get
engrossed in, it's the growth and
protection of the treasury, like it
was their own individual life sav-
ings. The bigger the treasury, the
more restrictive and suspicious
they get about inviting in new people.

Well, anyway, our Salem club
is nicely relaxed. No rules, no of-
ficers except a treasurer to collect
dues and pay expenses, no bylaws,
no restrictions. If you're interested
in small boats, you can join up for
\$10 annual dues. The treasury is
always nearly empty as we spend it
monthly on honorariums for speak-
ers, film rentals, refreshments,
meeting notices. No treasury, no
worry about its preservation and
enhancement. The dues are meant
to be spent on the activity the club
pursues. The Cape Ann Rowing
Club appears to be headed the same
way, \$8 dues for expenses. One
small hint of "formalization" was
noted, though, an expressed desire
for a "Statement of Purpose". I sort
of thought the name of the club
pretty well spelled that out. We'll
see.

All these remarks don't apply
to the more formalized clubs that
have gotten into big real estate
circumstances, such as yacht
clubs. Once your club decides to
own property, get ready to PAY.
Yes, it's nice to have the use of
that place right there on the water
where you never could possibly
live yourself. If that's what you
want, that's the club for you. My
viewpoint is more in the "user
group" sort of club, be it rowing,
sailing, paddling, building, re-
storing, whatever. What I want out
of a club membership is fellowship,
not facilities. I want to meet people
interested in what interests me,
share experiences of the past and
the future, enjoy messing about in
boats with like minded folks.

If this sounds like your view
too, look over our monthly listing
of clubs, there are a lot of these
sort on the list.

by Bill Conlon

There is a killer on the Shawsheen River!

No, it isn't any kind of fish, fowl, man or beast. This silent and ruthless killer is usually made of concrete and lies hidden on the river bed, awaiting the passage of an unsuspecting canoeist.

It's called a "roll dam" and the chief engineer for the state Department of Environmental Management calls them by a more colorful name: "Hydrological drowning machines."

In years past, roll dams, or more properly "design head weirs," were built in countless rivers nationwide to slow down the destructive flow of high water during wet seasons, or to prevent the river from drying up during rainless periods.

And while roll dams do indeed slow down the flow of river water, they also create a unique drowning hazard in the process.

Guy Newhall, the 1972 Olympic Canoeing and Kayaking coach, said roll dams annually cause an untold number of drownings.

"A roll dam looks very innocuous," Newhall said in a recently interview. The concrete barriers are usually submerged, and they leave barely a ripple on the surface to reveal their locations.

"You can't hear a roll dam," Newhall said, "but suddenly there it is."

The effect of a roll dam, according to Mark Cullinan, chief engineer with DEM, is to create "almost a whirlpool of undertow" against the downstream face of the structure.

"Once you get in the grasp of one," Cullinan said, "it's very hard to get back out."

No one knows how many roll dams there are in the U.S., but a company owned by two local men is awaiting final confirmation on a state contract to locate the roll dams in Massachusetts. Newhall said the project is the first of its kind in the U.S., and will most likely be copied by other states.

A piece of legislation to identify and mark the roll dams in Massachusetts was submitted to the state Legislature by Rep. Jim Miceli (D-Wilmington) and named the Braciska Bill, after a Wilmington youth who drowned in 1984 during a canoe race on the Shawsheen River.

Local group to search for killer dams

Bernard Harcourt of Tewksbury, MA, sent in this news item that has some interest for those of us who mess about in small boats on rivers. The clipping is from the local Tewksbury/Wilmington TOWN CRIER. While I have had an awareness of the existence of dams on rivers and the need to know about them and respect their presence, the nature of these "roll dams" was entirely unknown to me. Bernard asks that anyone reading this who has knowledge of such dams send on details to us here at BOATS and we'll pass them on to those putting together the research.

Scott Braciska's canoe plunged nose first into the river near the Ballardvale section of Andover during the race and threw him into the sucking grasp of the roll dam located there. And while Braciska was the only fatality in the incident, four of his attempted rescuers barely escaped being dragged into the churning waters of the roll dam.

The state contract, which Rep. Miceli said amounts to \$75,000, will allow Wilderness Plus, a company owned by Rick Barry of Wilmington, and his brother Jack of Tewksbury, to identify the roll dams in Massachusetts.

According to Jack Barry, the first roll dam marker in the U.S. will be placed above the roll dam which claimed the life of Scott Braciska.

(While formal approval of the funding for the contract will take at least three more weeks, Mark Cullinan of DEM said Wilderness Plus has been selected to carry out the identification phase of the project. Another contractor, to be named later, will handle the actual placement of the signs, he said.)

The contract allows for the identification and marking of 50 roll dams, but Rick Barry said there is no telling how many of the "drowning machines" exist in Massachusetts. Cullinan said it may be necessary to go back to the Legislature for more funding if the more roll dams than expected are found.

The roll dam project has long been a goal of the Shawsheen Watershed Environmental Action Team (S.W.E.A.T.). The accident

which claimed Scott Braciska took place during the first year in which S.W.E.A.T. officially sponsored its now-annual "Great Race To The Sea," in which canoes are launched on the Shawsheen River and race to the harbor at Newburyport.

Jack and Rick Barry are both long-time members of the non-profit environmental group, which is dedicated to the protection and improvement of the Shawsheen River watershed.

According to Rick Barry, the roll dam project will involve three steps. The first, he said, is actually locating the roll dams. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers will be helping with the location phase of the project through the unit's headquarters in Waltham, Mass., he said.

The next step, according to Barry, is finding the right spot to place a warning sign, usually along one of the river banks, upstream of the roll dam. Permission from the landowner must first be secured, he said, and the best place to put the signs would be near the easiest portage around the killer dams.

One unusual aspect of the project, Barry said, is the actual logo on the warning signs. Barry said he would prefer a standardized sign, one which will be used nationwide, in case the project is expanded to the federal level. Barry said Guy Newhall is researching European river-hazard markers, and that the same sign may be used in the U.S.

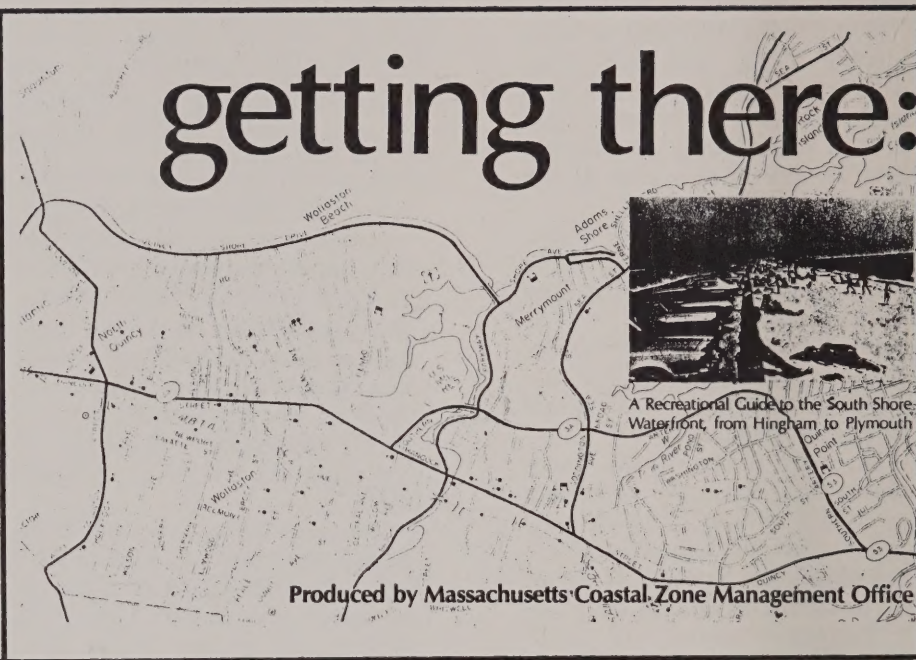
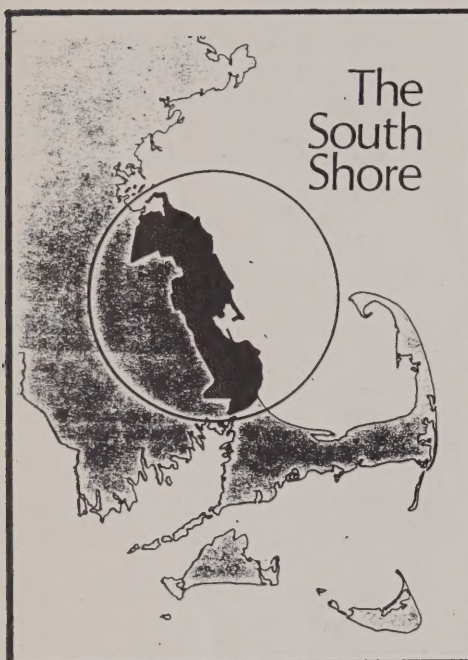
Finally, he said, the signs will have to be placed and secured, and later inspected to make sure they meet state specifications.

"The hours involved are going to be heavy," said Jack Barry, noting that Wilderness Plus will be identifying roll dams throughout Massachusetts, a task which will involve canoe trips on dozens of the state's navigable rivers.

The job of finding and marking roll dams is indeed a huge one, and could have a far-reaching effect on the way inland waterway hazards are treated throughout the country. The job facing the Barry brothers is just the first step in bringing a needed measure of safety to recreational canoeing in the U.S.

More important still, the Barry brothers will be helping to save the lives of people like Scott Braciska, and the many like him who have fallen prey to the concrete monsters called roll dams.

PUBLIC ACCESS



GETTING THERE

Interested in access opportunities along the Massachusetts south shore? A rather nice publication available from the Massachusetts Coastal Zone Management Office entitled, "Getting There", offers very complete detailed information on seashore recreational opportunities from Hingham through Plymouth. Each community is individually listed with all its facilities, including boat ramps and other launching sites, and attractions, along with a detailed map.

As one example, here is the information specific only to boating for the town of Duxbury, along with reduced copies of the pertinent maps.

The 72 page book measures 8.5"x5.5" and is printed in several colors on quality stock. It is available for the asking from the Massachusetts Coastal Zone Management Office, 100 Cambridge St., Boston, MA 02202.

BOATING

Duxbury's Snug Harbor and surrounding waters are popular areas for recreational boating.

SNUG HARBOR

This shallow and expansive body of water is separated from open sea by Duxbury Beach and Saquish Neck. The distance from open ocean to Town Landing through the channel is about five miles, and the channel is eight feet deep at mean low water. Most boating facilities are located at Town Landing Basin at Mattakeesett Court.

Snug Harbor boating facilities include:

yacht club:

Duxbury Yacht Club — Town Landing Basin, Mattakeesett Court
Accords reciprocal privileges to members of other yacht clubs. Sponsors public sailing races (see Special Events).

moorings:

permanent moorings —
Several hundred boats moor in Duxbury Bay. Contact the harbormaster at 934-2866 for information.

guest moorings —
Town Pier. Contact the harbormaster at 934-2866 for information.

public boat ramp:

Town Ramp — Town Landing Basin, Mattakeesett Court
40' concrete ramp. Free. Adjacent all-day parking for 50 cars and 1-hr. parking for 20 cars, free.

public docks:

Town Pier — Town Landing Basin, Mattakeesett Court
Some free guest moorings.

boat yards/marine supplies:

Bayside Marine Corp. — Washington St. (934-2051)
Boat storage and repair. Gas and water available.

Duxbury Marine Corp. — Town Landing Basin, Mattakeesett Court (934-6544)
Repair, yacht brokerage...

Long Point Marine — Washington St.
Boat storage and repair.

CANOEING

Estuaries such as the Back, Pine Point, and Bluefish Rivers meander through Duxbury's vast saltmarsh and are pleasant waterways for canoeing and birdwatching.

BACK RIVER

canoe launches:

Old Cove Landing — end of Cove St., off George St.
Parking for 10 cars, free.

Powder Point Landing — Powder Point Ave., next to the Powder Point Bridge.
Parking for several cars.

BLUEFISH RIVER:

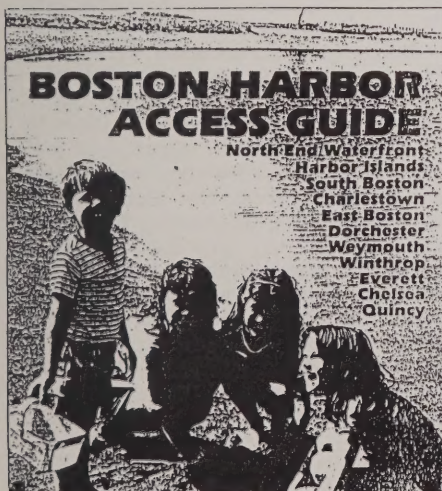
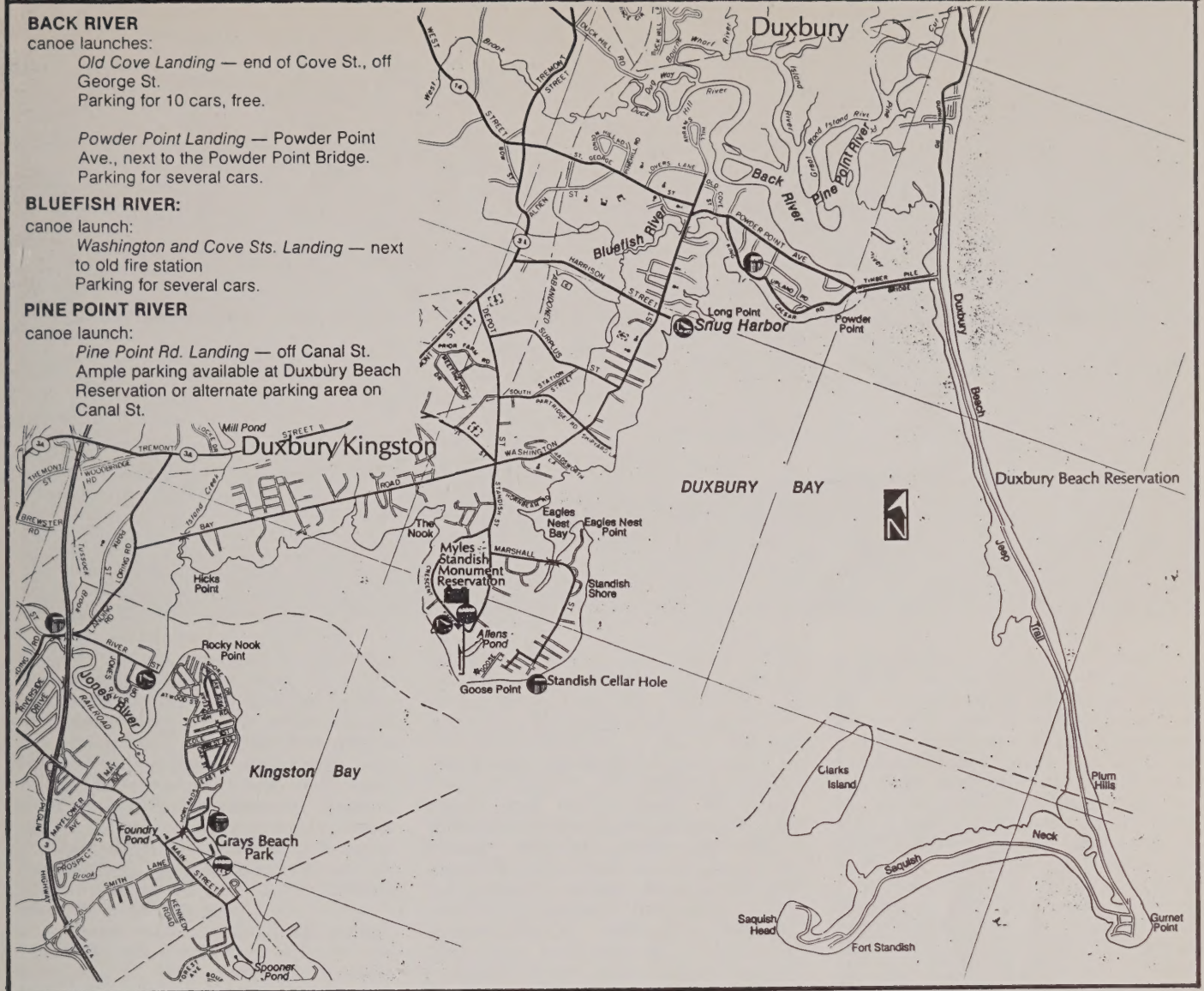
canoe launch:

Washington and Cove Sts. Landing — next to old fire station
Parking for several cars.

PINE POINT RIVER

canoe launch:

Pine Point Rd. Landing — off Canal St.
Ample parking available at Duxbury Beach Reservation or alternate parking area on Canal St.



BOSTON HARBOR ACCESS GUIDE
Also from the folks at the

Coastal Zone Office is this book with details on access to Boston Harbor waterfront from Winthrop on the north through Quincy on the south. It is very completely detailed on waterfront information, but there's not much in the way of small boat access opportunities noted. A lot about what there is to see if you do put in at one of the few launch sites and poke along the waterfront.

This one arrived as a photocopy of the book, apparently another "out of stock" item. It's quite adequate in photocopy form if you are interested in the information offered. This is also available for the asking from the Massachusetts Coastal Zone Management Office, 100 Cambridge St., Boston, MA 02202.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

The various sources of public access information we're bringing to you on these pages are the basic public information materials developed by various governmental and commercial agencies. They obviously do not provide ALL the information about possible access, but do give you a solid foundation of "official" public access locations, upon which you might be able to build up additional "private stock" locations from word of mouth or personal exploration efforts. These publications are available to anyone asking for them, but we've learned that many people looking for the way do not know where to ask.

The Pleasures of Winter Sailing



Back in '71 I was younger, less aware of the power of Mother Nature and "Billie-be-damned" about most things I did. The little Friendship type sloop I owned stayed in the water year round because I couldn't afford to haul out and particularly enjoyed being aboard at all times of the year. Just being aboard, whether tearing out and whacking together a "new" quick and dirty interior to "try" some new ideas (try that on a production boat) or battling a gale fearing for my very life miles offshore in the dark of night my SCRIMSHAW and I racked up over 4,000 miles together over the years, cementing a bond singular and special beyond description.

Back in those days, my only electronics and navigation equipment consisted of a motorboat type compass (good up to about 25 degrees of heel) with a light that could not be counted upon, especially if there was no battery aboard. Karin says she remembers me routinely driving to the boatyard, parking, and disconnecting the car battery to install in the boat for the compass light and two interior reading lamps I never permitted the use of. So it goes. With no charging system, I faced the prospect on my return of not being able to start the car, often in the wee hours of the morning. In winter, IF I could GET back into whatever winter spot I stuck SCRIMSHAW into, owing to the nasty habit my winter harbors had of freezing over in my absence. Yes, winter sailing gave one a whole new set of problems to deal with.

That January, Sherm, my brother who was crazier by far than I, decided to join my new

wife, Karin, and I aboard SCRIMSHAW, a 17' waterline sloop, barely 21' on deck, and gaff rigged. We really could pile a lot of sail onto her as I had a reproachable habit of loosening the holding screws and safety lanyard on whatever outboard was spewing out blue smoke and letting it GO, generally DOWN, I assumed. Close quarters weren't an issue, as at that time of year, the more warm bodies crammed together in a small space, the better. We had no plans in particular; mainly just "seeing what happened" because with Sherm, something ALWAYS happened.

We had elected to stretch a weekend and the first of the three days was a very bright, sunny, but crisp day. It was pleasant out of the wind with the winter sun full on one. We were on the proclaimed winter mooring in Point Judith Pond, Wakefield, RI, fairly snug except in sou'easters which tended to put SCRIMSHAW on the beach unless an anchor had been set appropriately beforehand. Well, pretty soon, Sherm, never one to let well enough alone, thought we'd better poke out into the ocean to get a look at things (and of course come right back in). SCRIMSHAW was soon making good use of the light northerly wind, making a beeline for the West Gap in the jetties of the Harbor of Refuge, feeling at once the gentle swell, giving us the feeling that we were "good for it", whatever came. The wind at one's back will encourage such thoughts.

There wasn't a soul stirring. Not a boat in sight, not one human being could we see, no matter where we looked. Winter has a way of providing one with SOLITUDE,

especially on the ocean. Why I liked it. Our safety equipment consisted of one 8' plywood pram and that's about it. A little cast iron stove was belching heat below in the tiny cabin, keeping Karin, who was ill at the time but along at my urging (because the salt air is healing!) relatively comfortable. One of the JOYS of winter sailing is the insanity of freezing yourself nearly solid, only to pop below and "check the stove." Five minutes below, 20 topsides, five below, and so on. Stomping one's feet was necessary to keep warm, and packing newspaper into our Topsiders kept things going between "stove checks". Karin had the dubious company of two kittens who would just as soon not have been aboard. We'd all reflect on this later on.

SCRIMSHAW was about a mile offshore by now on a course heading for Block Island, and nice as it was, we began thinking about getting back to the Pond. The "Block" looked so inviting and ATTAINABLE out there, though, and we probably were not too happy about quitting at this point. Looking back preparing to round up and tack back to the harbor, we noticed two things. First, the Block Island Ferry steaming through the West Gap on her way to Block Island, and an inhospitable line of wind bearing down upon us from the north. We'd not even time to throw off the halyards of the main and jib before SCRIMSHAW was knocked down on her beam ends, and our principal worry became just holding on.

Lightly ballasted, SCRIMSHAW was mighty slow about righting anytime, but now she couldn't with all that water and wind raging

down upon us. Reaching inside the companionway, I grabbed a hatchet and hacked the now taut halyards to free the heads of the sails. Making my way forward precariously on the cabin side, I slowly and painfully yanked and coaxed the luff of the main down a bit. The genoa (yes, with a topmast and headstay over 25 feet long, this sloop had a huge gaff main and nearly as large a genoa HANKED on) did come down and the boat assumed a permanent 45 degree list as she was completely out of control and was being BLOWN on a course directly out to sea.

Sherm was born for this sort of thing. He couldn't handle calms and lazy summer sailing without driving all around him bonkers with his incessant drumming, stomping and noises all directed at the Wind Gods to PRODUCE! Well, they certainly did this winter day. Had a hatful of wind... we estimated 45 knots and folks, with the air temperature at freezing, we had to hope we fetched a safe harbor soon. As it was, Block Island was dead in our way to the south and we guided SCRIMSHAW the best we could for Old Harbor on the east coast of the island. Karin says the cabin ports were more often under water than not as the disabled little sloop flew along at five knots towards our new objective. The main boom and gaff were both trailing alongside and the jib, which had now blown halfway back UP the headstay, was creating an awful nervewracking racket. It is a wonder that it stood up to the beating that it took that day.

From the moment it was apparent that we could not regain the harbor we'd left, Sherm was on the helm all the way to Block Island. The feeling that this frail craft HAD to make harbor, or we'd be lost for good, kept us warmer than any stove could have. The waves breaking at the entrance to old Harbor were enough to scare the pants off us and SCRIMSHAW was nearly lost on the inner seawall as she cascaded sideways into the harbor, narrowly missing submerged boulders. Once inside the confines of this welcome refuge, we prepared to let go the main anchor. As we looked around we saw a most alarming sight...the Block Island Ferry just coming into the harbor heeled over at 40 degrees, underscoring the danger of shoal water harbor entrances in gale conditions. We now feel that the skipper of the ferry must have slowed his speed to keep an eye on SCRIMSHAW on the way over. Never occurred to us until this very writing. Why else would a tiny sloop in trouble have beaten a powerful vessel designed for such waters?

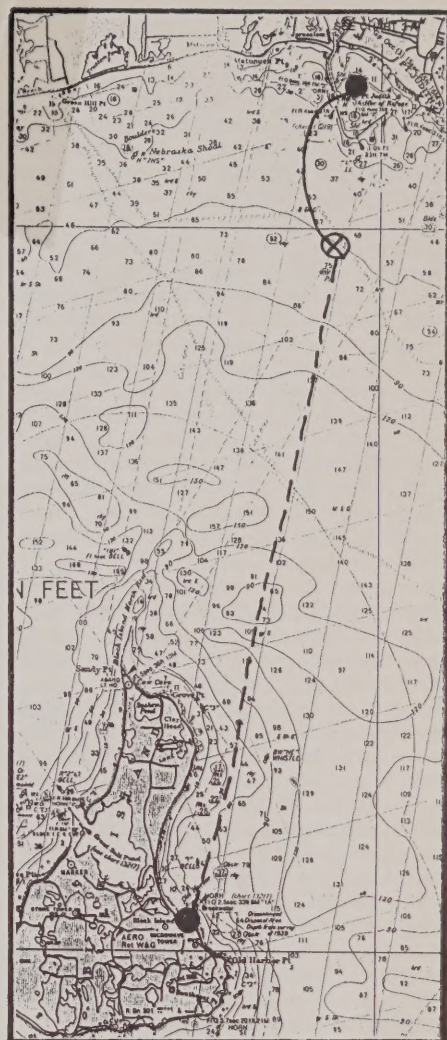
That night we were pounded with winds over 45 knots with gusts recorded by the C.G. at over 60 knots. The solid water flying

through the air froze in our rigging and spars to the extent that upon emerging from the cabin in the morning, we could not have gotten underway, as all gear and canvas was frozen solid in ice. The dinghy was a mass of ice barely afloat. In the lee of the breakwater in the new day's sun, we spent our time removing ice and readying the vessel for her return to Point Judith. The wind was still blowing hard, which prevented our return anyway. When we ran out of charcoal for the stove, we managed to call the hardware store owner and ask him to open up shop for the hour he advertised he would, and bought the last of his stock for Tiny Tot, the stove.

The next morning brought a glassy calm and all the signs indicated NO WIND for the day. We were obliged to return, and reflected upon the irony of it all. Blown over here with no plans to do so in just 90 minutes, now facing the prospect of ROWING back at the rate of 1.5 knots (if we kept at it), with all likelihood of a 10 to 12 hour passage. Rowing required one to stand facing forward and putting one's weight into each stroke of the 12' oars, then back, and ready to go again (we logged a total of 138 nautical miles that year rowing).

Over 10 hours later (Sherm really put his back into it, he had a date with the Connecticut State Legislature the next morning) SCRIMSHAW glided past the Coast Guard wharf in Gallilee where Sherm jumped ship to hitch a ride home to Hartford. It was after 9 p.m. then and SCRIMSHAW had one mile to go. I recall a breeze springing up about then and even though it was colder than hell and we had to tack against the wind and the beginning of the ebb tide, I was in my glory. We brought the

sheets home hard and sailed that last mile. One more adventure behind us. We were fortunate to be alive. Our experience was gained through foolhardy blundering and only the Grace of God enables us to look back now on what was one very incredible journey.



People have always been giving boats to Ray Hartjen, it seems. He recalls as a kid spending summers in East Hampton, L.I. when the mailman said, "You're the only kid I know who has a boat for every day of the week!" It was true, Ray had seven boats in the yard. He acquired a leaky rowboat at age 5. Later a man built him an 8 foot pram. He bought a canoe for \$2.50 and a kayak for \$.50. Now Ray is 55 and he owns a 55' skipjack that's listed in the National Register of Historic Places. And that's just the queen of his fleet today, a fleet he has gathered at one place on the Potomac River twenty miles from Washington, DC, that he calls Port Tobacco Seaport. Ray Hartjen is in the maritime museum business, almost.

How can such things happen? Ray has a real world life as an educator, he's parlayed his Phd in education into something he calls Educational Alternatives, Inc. a sort of think tank for professional educators to attend to broaden their perspectives on their trade. Education Alternatives, Inc. is a non-profit corporation and so when Ray's magnetism for old boats persevered, he used it as a device to enable people to give him old boats and take tax deductions for them. Before taking this step, Ray had received a nice cabin cruiser from his father-in-law; he'd found a classic canoe in the trash; a friend gave him a 20 foot daysailer with a damaged deck; and he built a \$20 plywood rowboat. The problem of what to do about all this was solved by creating Port Tobacco Seaport.

Now, this, in turn, was made possible because a corporation donated some land to his non-profit corporation several years ago on the Potomac River at Port Tobacco, MD. Ray sees the location as a combination historic working seaport, an environmental study area, and a poor man's yacht club. He admits that to say he has the money dimension of this thing in hand would be incorrect. He also goes on to say, "Some people say talking to me is like talking to infinity, but I'm comfortable with that even if they're not."

Now Ray has this 55' skipjack, the MARY W. SOMERS. It was given to him by a St. Marys, MD, artist, Tom Rowe, who had spent ten years working on it but finally decided it was getting in the way of his artwork. The SOMERS is 80 years old, is restorable and even was used in 1984 to sail to a meeting of a national historic trust in Baltimore. Soon after this, she sank in shallows in the St. Mary's River. Ray resurrected her and effected some temporary repairs, but today the SOMERS is ashore awaiting major restoration work. The goal is a fully sailable skipjack,

The Port Tobacco Seaport Invites You To Participate in the Restoration of the Skipjack

Mary W. Somers



Listed in the National Register of Historic Places

accurately rebuilt to 1904 standards.

Well, this is the dream that a number of much larger, better financed maritime museums pursue assiduously, doing accurate restorations. Now Hartjen is rattling his own tambourine, looking for donations just like the museums. His projected budget is not one of those grandiose multi-million dollar fund raising things, though. Ray figures on doing a lot of the work himself with help from area volunteers, and has a price tag in the thousands, not hundred thousands. Of course, he's also looking for materials and gear. Like six to eight loblolly pines, 18"-24" diameter for hull planking. He has a little brochure he'll send to you if you'd like to know more about this bootstrap one-man historic seaport builder. The numbers are detailed within it in five stages, the first one a replacement of all the rigging being completed. Stage two, now at hand, involves rebuilding the hull, deck and centerboard trunk. None of these sweeping \$100,000 projections, just \$300 here and \$2,250 there and the biggest, \$8,500 for labor.

Ray's boats are intended to be used at his little seaport. "You'll never see a boat on a pedestal at Port Tobacco," he says. He goes on to say, "It just breaks my heart to go to a place like Mystic and see

all those wonderful boats and know that I can't sail them. Our boats will be here to be used". In this he's not unlike Dick Wagner's dream coming true in Seattle at the Center for Wooden Boats.

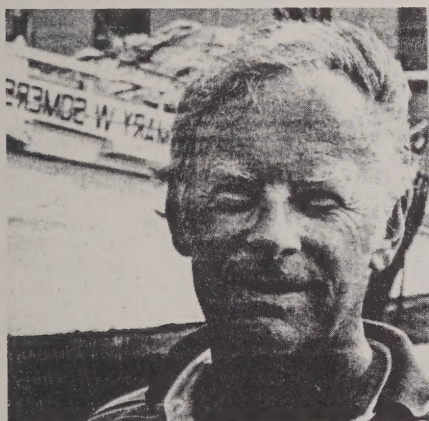
Ray's poor man's yacht club is just a sailing program he's devised for interested persons, using some small daysailers he's acquired, like the Thistle. And he's been adding other boats, a 26' sloop, a 40 foot motor yacht that will serve as the support boat for sailing activities, an impending "first real yacht". To support the growing fleet of larger boats, Ray has some small boats for sale. If you'd like to know what's currently available, give him a call at (301) 870-3399 or inquire by mail to P.O. Box 265, Port Tobacco, MD 20677.

Ray's doing it all himself, with help from local volunteers and about 100 "Friends of Port Tobacco Seaport". The SOMERS project, with its historical significance, is now the BIG project. It's safely ashore and protected from further deterioration at a modest annual fee of \$300. But, a \$10,000 grant he was awarded in 1984 later fell through, and he's been stumping the corporate donor fields ever since looking for money. He's not had much success, he did get 240 tubes of caulking from 3-M Corp. That sort of help. With this to contend with, Ray scrambled around

and had the SOMERS hauled in November free, the estimated \$500 cost covered by local donations of equipment.

For 1987 Ray sees a much more developed sailing program including sailing school using several of their boats, a sailing club for those wishing to use the boats on a longer term basis, and a youth program if interest is sufficient. He will have four Thistle Class boats ready, including a beautifully equipped one donated by the Capitol Area Thistle Fleet.

This all seems to show how the compulsion to collect interesting old boats can get out of hand. Ray Hartjen had it, had a mechanism for attracting even more free boats, and now has this giant tiger by the tail, a full scale genuine historic craft in need of serious preservation work. Still, he has his eye on USING the boat, as he does with the lesser craft at Port Tobacco, and not just having it sit there to be viewed. An ambitious dream.



History of the MARY W. SOMERS

HISTORY OF THE MARY W. SOMERS

The MARY W. SOMERS was built in Parksley, VA, in Accomack County, in 1904 by William T. Young at the head of Young's Creek. It has the fair lines and distinctive heart-shaped stern typical of his work, and an inboard rudder with a steering gear system built by a machine shop in Crisfield, MD.

The first owner, Lloyd Somers, named the boat after his wife Mary. The second owner, Caleb Jones, still lives today, age 98, on Smith Island. In ensuing years, seven oystermen owned the SOMERS with it changing hands for near token fees from one family member to another.

In 1968, Levin Harrison, who today owns a fleet of skipjacks on Tilghman Island, sold the SOMERS to the Harry Lundeburg School of Seamanship for \$3,500. Tom Rowe, a faculty member of the art department at St. Mary's College convinced the Lundeburg School to exchange the SOMERS for two of his original oil paintings. Tom spent ten years restoring and stabilizing the hull of the SOMERS. It was Tom who had the foresight to have the SOMERS listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

In the fall of 1982, Rowe donated the SOMERS to Educational Alternatives. Ray Hartjen applied for a grant from the Maryland Heritage Commission to further the restoration work. A \$2,000 challenge grant was overmatched by local ci-

tizens and groups for a \$4,500 total and these funds were used to reregister the SOMERS and get her sailing again.

In May of 1984 the SOMERS made her first trip in 15 years, to the Charles County Old Line Days celebration. The return trip to Port Tobacco encountered gale force winds that ultimately broke her boom, but the SOMERS still had it in her and arrived safely.

That summer the SOMERS sailed to St. Mary's City for their 350th Celebration, to Baltimore for the National Historic Trust Maritime Division Conference, to skipjack races at Sandy Point, and to a layover at Solomons Island at the Calvert Marine Museum's new Oysterhouse Dock. At the end of '84 the SOMERS returned to Goose Bay, an 80 mile trip. On December 29th the sails came off in 70 degree weather and in mid-January, she was frozen into the ice at her winter berth in Goose Bay.

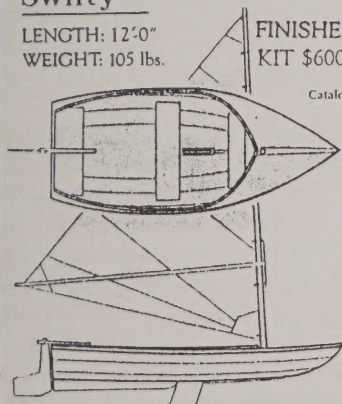
Since that time, the SOMERS has remained at her berth. People come to visit her, local ducks have nested on her decks, small children fish from her, and occasional small fry pow-wows have been noticed occurring in her hold. NONE of the 25 skipjacks currently in the Historical Register is receiving any funding for preservation. Ray Hartjen is doing what he can to raise what's needed to make the MARY W. SOMERS what she once was, a classic oysterman of the Chesapeake.

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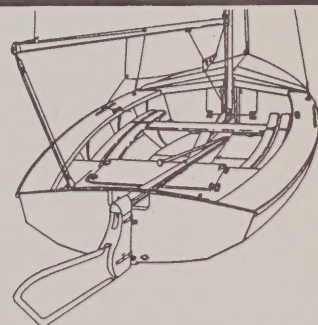
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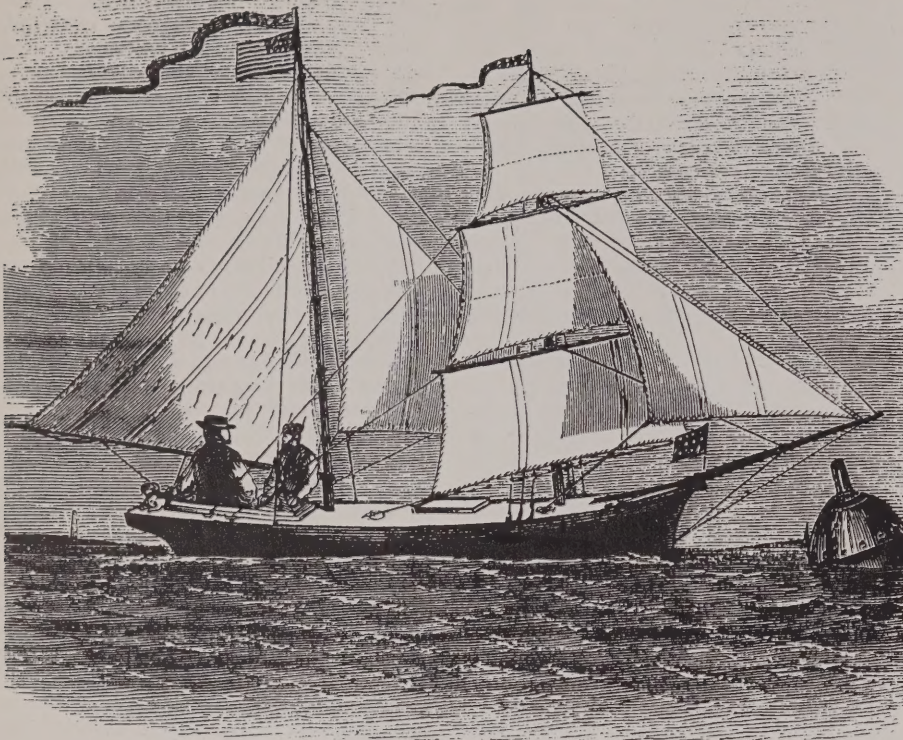
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Small Craft Mania



THE "VISION," 1864.

"FEAR," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage"; and Hobbes observes, "Courage may be virtue, where the daring act is extreme; and extreme fear no vice, where the danger is extreme." There is a deal of truth in the saying that the sensation of danger is agreeable to men. Danger is courted; hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, eagerly sought; the hundredth chance taken against the other ninety-nine. To have stood the test—to have been in the sinking ship, before the blaze of the battery, or in the imminent deadly breach—to have faced the King of Terrors, no matter when, where, or how, is an inner craze with individuals otherwise cast in cold and passionless mold. And thus it has been, and thus it will ever be.

There is a "crank" amongst seafaring men at this present writing that is likely to develop into a novel but royal road to suicide—namely, the "Dory crank"; the crossing of boundless oceans in boats scarcely fitted for fishing excursions to adjacent islands. The smaller the craft, the greater the glory; and because, forsooth! half-a-dozen fools have, by a combination of lucky influences, escaped a watery grave, hundreds of fools, in an endeavor to follow their perilous example, are bound to go down to what mariners playfully term "Davy's Locker." Here, indeed, the sensation of danger *must* prove agreeable to the Dorvites.

The first case recorded is that of the *Vision*, built and sailed by Capt. John Donovan, in June, 1864. He left

This is the subtitle on an interesting book that Bob Whittier turned up in a second hand bookshop on Cape Cod. It's a compendium of old time articles about Cape Cod gathered up from the original old books and periodicals into a more recent 1973 publication. Inquiry into the author's whereabouts turned up that he was no longer at the address given and had left no forwarding address there.

Ah, well, there is permission to review brief passages and illustrations, so here is what I found of interest anyway. **SMALL CRAFT MANIA** is a discussion of what its author calls, the "dory crank", a fad for crossing the Atlantic in small open boats in the 1870's and 1880's. It was written obviously contemporaneous to the 1880's events mentioned. Quite a bit of this sort of thing was happening. Read on and enjoy.

If you should wish to see the whole book, it's title is **EXPLORING CAPE COD**, by Stuart D. Ludlum. It's out of print and the author's whereabouts are not known, but maybe your library can locate a copy. Great reading from another time.

New York on the 15th in a 16-foot yawl boat, converted into a hermaphrodite brig, 4 feet 10 inches beam, and 2 feet 9 inches deep. She had masts 19 feet high, and spread 50 yards of canvas. On the 5th of July the *Vision* put into Boston, leaking; and having been repaired, again set out. On the 20th she was supplied with provisions by the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's steamer the *Peruvian*. The little craft never has been heard of from that day to this, and though no news is proverbially good news, this is one of the exceptions which proves the rule—false!

On the 9th of July, 1866, Cpts. John N. Hudson and Francis E. Fitch, accompanied by a small poodle, left New York in the famous little *Red, White, and Blue*. This craft was constructed in part from an Ingersoll life-boat, and was water-proof, fire-proof, and worm-proof. She was 24 feet long, and 5½ feet beam, drawing 20 inches of water aft and 18 forward, and was fully rigged as a three-mast ship, spreading 65 yards of sail. She reached London in safety on the 16th of August, having occupied thirty-eight days in the passage.

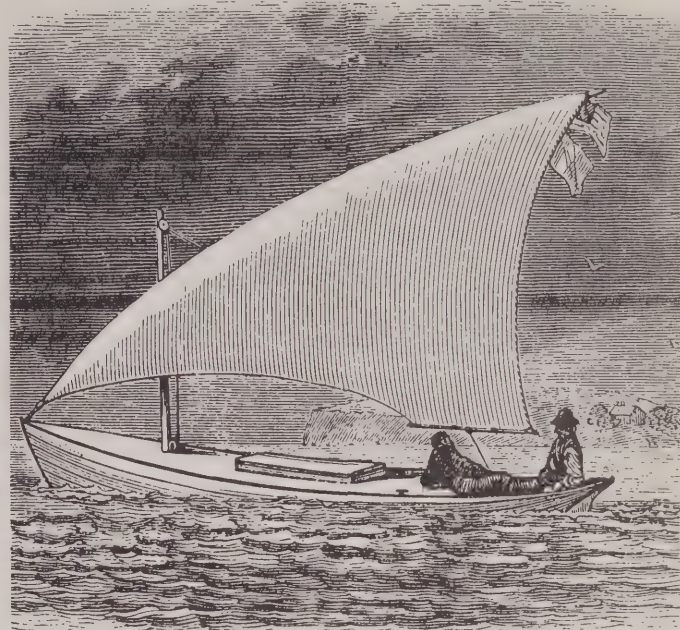
On June 4th, 1867, sailed the life-saving raft *Nonpareil*, manned by Capt. Mikes, a Prussian seaman of twenty-seven years' experience, and George Miller and Henry Lawson, sailors. The *Nonpareil* was of a construction patented in 1865, and consisted of three 26-inch cylinders, 25 feet long, each with a double rubber casing, covered with white canvas duck. She carried five sails, and had in the centre a little locker, 6 x 4 and 14 inches

deep, containing two compasses, two quadrants, and ocean and English channel charts. As additional means of propulsion, the *Nonpareil* was provided with seven oars. She had twelve water-tanks of India rubber, six holding seven gallons each, and six ten, and was furnished with canned provisions, biscuits, hams, etc., for forty days' full rations. She reached Southampton July 26th, having occupied fifty-one days in the passage.

In the Summer of 1870, E. R. W. Hayter and N. Primiaz sailed from Liverpool to Boston in 90 days, the return voyage the following year occupying 38½ days. The *City of Ragusa*, in which they made their voyages, was 19 feet long and 6 feet beam, and on her way out (Sept. 3d, 1870), rode out a storm on George's bank, in which two large ships were dismasted.

In 1876, Alfred Johnson, a Dane, crossed the ocean alone in a decked sailing-boat, 16½ feet long, 5½ feet beam, and 2½ feet deep, arriving in the Mersey Aug. 20th, after a voyage of sixty-six days.

discomfort. When Capt. Crapo reached England he had stood one watch of seventy hours, and his left hand was stiff and clinched from long steering, while his wife was nearly dead from eight days' suffering with diarrhoea and sea-sickness.



THE "NAUTILUS," 1878.

June 13th, 1878, the *Nautilus* sailed from City Point, South Boston, manned by two brothers, William and Walter Andrews, of Beverly, Mass. She was 19 feet over all, 6 feet 5 inches beam, and 2 feet 3 inches deep, copper-fastened, and weighing 500 pounds. She was lateen-rigged, with a mast 8 feet long and a 25-yard sail, bent on a boom 23 feet in length; she also carried two storm-sails. The voyage to Mount's Bay occupied forty-nine days, and was full of discomfort. For eighteen days they never saw the sun, and for four weeks they had to sleep in their wet clothes, on sopping bedding, while several days they could not sleep and scarcely dared take time to eat. One of the brothers talked of coming back to the United States alone; or, rather, in company with a dog, but nothing more was heard of the plan. The other got into trouble in England, where he stabbed a man.

In 1879 cockle-shell navigation was all the rage. One enthusiast sailed from New York to Boston in a boat the size of a small coffin, five feet long, the voyage occupying forty-nine days; while two Boston architects, Messrs. Clarke and Baron, cruised from London to Constantinople in a two-ton yacht, the *Dorian*. June 1st, Captain Lewis Gerhardt Goldsmith, a Danish sailor, left Boston in the *Uncle Sam*, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. The *Uncle Sam* was 18 feet over all, and 6 feet 4 inches beam, having a depth of 3 feet 2 inches, with air-tanks at the bow and stern, and a water tank under the standing room, running to the keel. Between the inside of the boat and the gunwale were eight tanks or lockers, four on a side, for storing provisions, while round the boat ran an unusual thing in boats of her size, a three-inch bulwark. A "trunk" covered with duck was provided for the lady's accommodation. Mrs. Goldsmith, who had never been to sea, funkcd decidedly on one occasion, and was for returning home, but regained her courage, and the boat went on, reaching Halifax June



THE SAILBOAT "NEW BEDFORD," 1877.

June 2d, 1877, Capt. Thomas Crapo and his wife sailed from Chatham, Cape Cod, in the schooner *New Bedford*, built somewhat on the whale-boat model, but shorter, broader, deeper, and with more sheer. Her custom-house measurements were as follows: Length over all, 19.55 feet; breadth, 6.4; depth, 3.16; length of keel, 13 feet; centre-board, 3½x1½; tonnage, 1.62. The foremast was 18 feet from the deck, and mainmast 17; the principal sails were "leg of mutton," and she hoisted the American ensign at the main, and a burgee with her name at the fore. She was provided with an anchor, pump, oars, etc., and carried 130 gallons of fresh water in six kegs, three on each side. Canned provisions and a kerosene stove brought the weight of stores up to 1,500 pounds. She reached Mount's Bay, near Penzance, in forty-nine days, having been compelled to lay to fifteen days through stormy weather. In one gale the *New Bedford* shipped a sea, soaking the bedding, and involving the crew in signal

20th, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 7th. Mrs. Goldsmith, after being laid up with seasickness, had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, and her husband had to work day and night. A dense cold fog prevailed on the banks August 14th, and after being nearly run down by a brigantine, he had to take to using the fog-horn, till his lips were swollen with blowing it. On the 16th, in a tremendous storm, which carried away the boat's drags and oars, the *Uncle Sam* shipped a sea which saturated all the bread and clothing, and left the husband and wife lying in water up to their necks. Thence till the 19th he did not sleep, and had no food but some cold canned mutton. Three of the cleats to which the mainsheet was fastened gave way, and only the fourth stood between them and destruction, when they were rescued by the bark *Queen of Nations*, in latitude 47 degrees 36 minutes north, and longitude 43 degrees 20 minutes west. Mrs. Goldsmith, almost dying, was hauled on board by a bowline, and the *Uncle Sam* sank with her stores and instruments as the captain's foot left the deck.

Captain Goldsmith's idea had been to go round the world by the way of England, Gibraltar, Suez, Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yeddo and San Francisco.

Herbert B. Burrell and Andrew B. Milton planned as ambitious a voyage—from Boston to Cape de Verde, down the African coast to Cape Town, and then across the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, where they intended showing their raft at the exposition. The *Golden Gate*, in which they set sail from Boston July 7th, was schooner-rigged and 19 feet over all, 5 feet 4 inches beam, and 2 feet 6 inches deep. She "tumbled in" from 5 feet 4 inches at the water-line to 4 feet 11 inches at the deck, being planned to right herself if she were capsized by a squall, or in a heavy sea. She spread 75 yards of canvas, and was well fitted with compasses, sextant, quadrant and chronometers; had copper water-tanks lined with tin, and containing two and one-half barrels, and carried five months' provisions hermetically sealed. She had a cabin in which both men could sleep at once, and a system of brass ventilation tubes allowing them to occupy it even when the hatches were battened down. Indeed, the *Golden Gate* was the best equipped of all the tiny vessels that ever undertook the long voyage. She came to grief on the Brazilian or African coast, where the men were compelled to abandon their voyage through the water and provisions spoiling under the tropical sun, involving them in terrible suffering.

The *Little Western* was much more fortunate. She sailed from East Gloucester June 12th, 1880, manned by George P. Thomas and Frederick Norman, and passed the Scilly Isles July 26th. She was 16 feet 7 inches long over all, 6 feet 7 inches wide, and 2 feet 6 inches deep, clinker built, of cedar and pine, and sharp at both ends, being a fishing dory decked over. She was cutter-rigged, with a mast 15 feet high, hoisting a square sail 8x9, with a ten-foot hoist, and a thirteen-foot mainsail. She had a centre-board, and a drag for heaving to, and carried 500 pounds of ballast, 50 gallons of water, 100 pounds of bread, 50 pounds of tinned beef and tongue, 48 cans of tinned fruit, 12 of condensed coffee, besides chocolate, milk, corn, oatmeal, dried fruits, etc., and port wine. They cooked with kerosene and alcohol, and had hot coffee twice a day throughout the whole voyage. She made an average of 63 miles a day, and sometimes the little craft reeled off

nine knots an hour steadily.

She was first spoken on June 30th, in latitude 44°, longitude 47°, by the British steamer *Bulgarian*. The captain offered to take the two men off, but they declined. The *Little Western* was next spoken on July 10th, by the Bremen steamer *Neckar*. The chief officer of the *Neckar*, in speaking of the incident, said: "We met the *Little Western* right slap in mid-ocean. It was on the afternoon of July 10th, shortly after noon, that we sighted a tiny speck on the horizon. It was a bright, clear day, but a stiff breeze had started the sea in a lively style, so that even the *Neckar* heaved about like a sick porpoise. You can imagine how difficult it was to get, through our telescopes, a glimpse of the little black atom which danced in the distance. At first it was thought that some vessel had run into an iceberg, and left her crew afloat. The captain ordered the life-boats ready to pick up the wrecked men, and all the passengers crowded to the rail, eager to see what they anticipated would be a dozen or more starving sailors. In a few minutes the dark speck proved to be a white one, and we made out a small boat, with mainsail and jib set, scudding along at a spanking rate.

As we approached the tiny craft crew and passengers were thunderstruck. It was the strangest sight I ever saw. Just think of running across a vessel no bigger than one of our lifeboats, steering on her course as though merely cruising in New York harbor. When we got near enough I saw two men on board. The boat was a large dory, decked over trimly, and they were seated in the hatchway, not seeming to have noticed our presence. When the captain yelled out to them the two voyagers looked up in apparent surprise, and one of them cried out: "Look out there; in another minute we'll run you down!" This raised a laugh among the passengers, who gave three cheers for the two men, who answered the usual nautical inquiries: 'This is the ship *Little Western*, sailed from East Gloucester, Mass., on June 10th. We are bound for England, and don't you forget it.' The strangers' faces were weather-beaten and bronzed, but they seemed quite happy. They said that the voyage was a pleasant one, and their boat was storm-proof. Before we left them the occupants of the dory refused to take any provisions, saying that they were well stocked. As the two vessels kept together the difference in size, added to the independent demeanor of the men, made the scene humorous."

The *Little Western* was shown at London and in all the European capitals.

The commander of the North German Lloyd's steamship *Donau*, in a letter to the newspapers, complained of an hour's delay to his vessel, caused by his supposition that the dory *Little Western* contained shipwrecked persons. He says the experiment of crossing the Atlantic in small boats is now only a sporting venture, made for money and notoriety. Every shipmaster is morally obliged to investigate small boats, to discover whether they are cases of distress. It is to be feared that some shipmasters, after being fooled in the way he was in regard to the *Little Western*, may not pay attention to the cases of actual urgency if these sea tramps continue to cross the ocean.

Boatless...

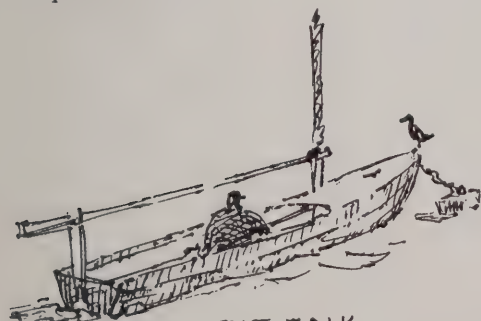


The boat was put in the water on an overcast day in June. The ocean weeped in everywhere. I towed it to its mooring, and sat in the stern wondering what to do. Are you going to behave yourself this season. "I don't know," the boat replied dubiously. "Don't give me that," I shouted in confusion.



TOWED

"What are you going to make me do?" "What do you think I'll make you do?" the boat asked. I hesitated, then confessed. "Beneath all the paint you're falling apart. Your days are numbered and I'm thinking that one day very soon you'll make me sail you out into a storm." The boat gives a Faustian laugh. "Then what happens to me?" I continue, "You'll go into your well deserved oblivion and I'll go to Valhalla." I give a resigned sigh. The Garrulous Gull perched on the bow and questioned me.



THE TALK

"Still feeling superfluous, matey?"
"What?"
"Still trying to get into the Eco-system?"

"I may be part of it soon enough, if this boat has its way. Can you talk to it and explain that it really doesn't need me when it wants to take its final voyage. I could make some preparations... be of some assistance... but."

"But, but," the gull mimicked. "I know what you mean. But, but you realize, of course, that everything in this world is pretty much guided by human intelligence, and that we find it almost impossible to do anything on our own. But, but the boat realizes that you're as good at carpentry as you are at racing. It knows that it's had it. But, but I'll talk to it for you... out of curiosity."

"Curiosity?"

"About what's for lunch."



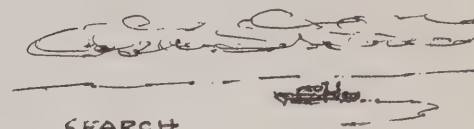
DISAPPEARED -

The next morning the mooring was empty. I was both sad and relieved. I wouldn't have to race that season and it didn't take me with it. After this reaction subsided I realized that it was the only boat I had and I'd probably never get another. In desperation I ran to the clubhouse and rolled out charts and tide-tables, trying to plot the course of the suicidal boat. The



CHARTS AND TABLES

tide was on the ebb most of the early morning. The winds were West and Northwest, 15 to 20 knots. The boat had to go seaward. I drew a radius on the chart of the distance it could possibly cover and started a search with the Club launch. I asked fishermen and lobstermen I met to keep a look out for the boat. I notified the Coast Guard and put advertisements in magazines and newspapers.



SEARCH

I found nothing and nothing was ever reported. The boat had disappeared. I gave up the search and sat on the pier resigned to a boatless life. The gull landed on a piling near-by. "You did a good



MATEY

job," I told it. "I didn't have to," the gull said, "the boat figured you'd only foul it up if it brought you along. It knew it's time had come and it didn't want to rot in your garden. It told me to tell you, that no one could have tried harder to be such a bad sailor but it was a lot of fun." Confused by that admission I grieved, "What am I going to do for the now?"

Crew crew for a racer.

"Crew." I shouted distastefully, "and for a racer. The hell with racing." I screamed with finality.

The gull flew off laughing while I ranted anathemas at an indifferent ocean.



BOATLESS

Paddles, like oars, are not just simple things it seems, shaped pieces of wood (or plastic) intended to move along a small boat. While it does seem quite possible to move a boat with a stick with a flat piece of plywood fastened across one end, a "real" paddle or oar is a hydrodynamic device that not only applies the force of your muscle to the resistance of the water in order to move the boat in which you are, but does it in a series of moves that create minimum drag entering and leaving the water, and maximum "grip" on the water while applying the power. I guess all of this is the rationale that justifies \$185 canoe paddles and \$250 a pair rowing sculls.

Well, you really don't have to go to either extreme, you can make a decent simple paddle yourself for a few bucks that's probably 90% as effective as that sophisticated \$185 model. An article on building your own laminated canoe paddle arrived here from reader Bob Martin a while back, reprinted from the old American Canoe Association magazine. One L.E. "Red" Fancher, who seems to have been one of the gurus at the time (in the '60's), was the author. He tells you how to make a paddle and I thought someone out there might find this of interest. The serious paddler will no doubt have a chuckle, but this isn't for him anyway. It's for the do-it-yourself paddler who also builds or rebuilds or restores his canoes too. I've edited out a lot of dated material and tried to retain the mostly timeless basic information.

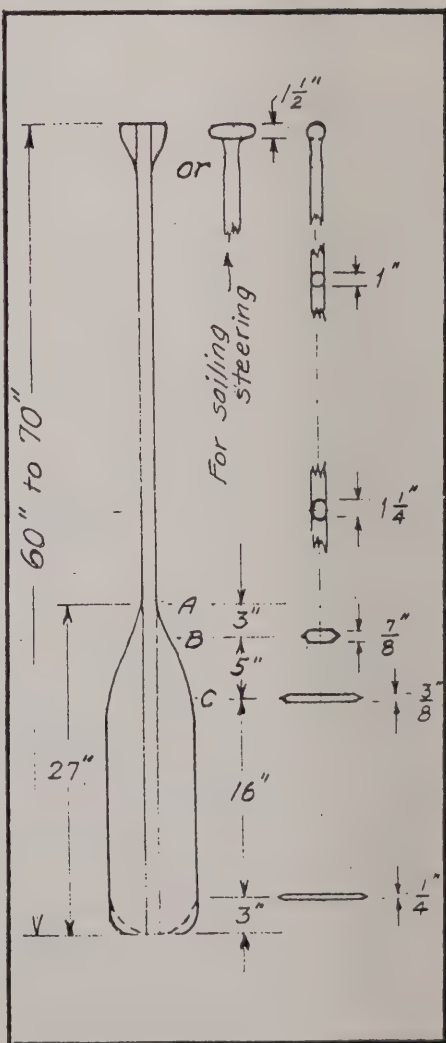
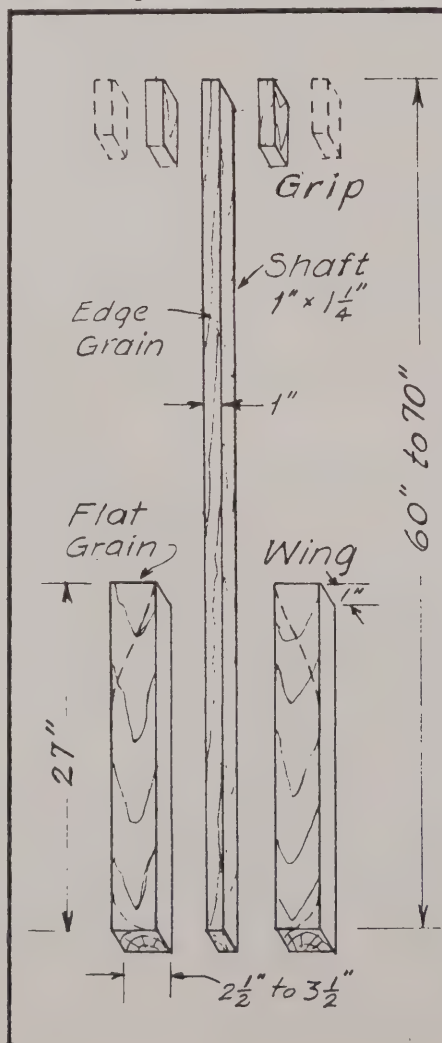
Paddle Making for the Do It Yourselfer

"The Indian paddler, using his limited tools, had to take a section out of a 5" diameter tree trunk and chop away everything not intended to be part of his finished paddle in order to go down the river. Today you can start with a one inch thick board of proper length and width if you like, shaping the paddle from the single piece of wood. But, this can be disappointing as the grain structure in such a flat board may not provide the strength needed at critical points such as at the throat where the shaft broadens out into the blade. Also, in the case of spruce, a nice light whippy wood, a thicker than one inch shaft is advised.

Laminated paddles overcome this problem and have been around now for about 50 years (1980's perspective). These permit using a shaft of 1.25"-1.5" dimensions with perfectly straight graining for that strength, and other smaller pieces of wood glued up to the shaft for the paddle section. Basically, the laminated paddle is of five piece

construction as shown in the diagram. Extra pieces shown on the grip are for those who desire a wider than normal grip handle, as I happen to. If the shaft shows only straight grain lines on all four faces, you are in the best of shape and you should try to select your shaft wood to achieve this from the best choice of the board you begin with at the lumberyard. The pieces for wings and grips can show the V's of grain but take care to face them all the same way when gluing up to ease finishing work.

Maple, ash and spruce are preferred materials and I choose ash as it is light enough but easier to work with hand tools than maple would be. Spruce, unless it is straight grain Sitka, is too variable in tensile strengths to give a reliable strength shaft unless it is built up about 25% greater in diameter. Look for a 1"x6" (rough sawn) board in the lumberyard and look for straight grain at least on the 1" edge dimension on one edge of the board, from which you'll cut your shaft. Wherever you see the



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flat grain V's you'll have potential places for the shaft breaking along the diagonal of that grain. If you find a board with pretty much straight grain on the flat side, you're really in luck.

Good looking paddles will have a blade length of 24" to 27". An overall length of 5' or more seems to need the 27" paddle length for bet appearance and balance. About 100 square inches of blade area is all that is required for average paddling, and a 6"x27" blade size, when finished out (tapered to the shaft and rounded on the end) will come close to that figure. You can leave the end square, useful perhaps in shallow waters, but not so pleasing to the eye.

The wing pieces for the grip should be about 5" long to start with to allow you to shape them as you wish, and for a 3" wide grip, I start with four pieces glued up. All the edges to be glued should be finished off flat and square to minimize gaps. (This is really important if using water resistant glues of the '60's but less so if you're using epoxy glues of the '80's). The glued together assemblies at blade and grip ends are clamped with bar clamps or large C clamps until the glue is cured.

The glued up blank now has the outline of the paddle drawn upon it and the surplus wood cut away with bandsaw or scroll saw. The diagram shows the dimensions you should be aiming for. The excess material on the flat side of the blank is removed with a plane (hand or electric) and a power sander. Note that the shaft thickness decreases only slightly from the grip end to the throat at "A", but then there's a substantial thinning out at "C" where the full width of the blade begins.

I draw a centerline all the way around the blank before doing any shaping as a reference point to check against in order to maintain a symmetrical shape. Rounding off the edges can be done with a plane before final sanding. If you plan to make it a fancy job, there's always a lot of finish sanding to do by hand because the power sander marks all show right up when the varnish goes on.

My finish is 6 to 8 coats of spar varnish, fine sanded between each. The grip end is not varnished, but is coated with boiled linseed oil, well rubbed in, to give the hand a nice soft surface to grip."

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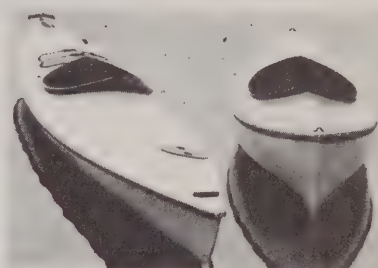
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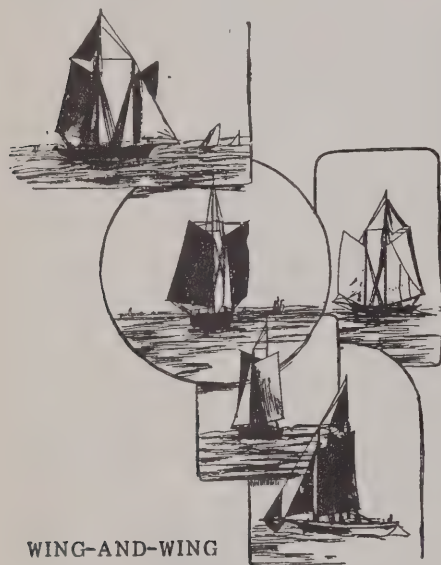




The TRITON was now pointed straight for Quonset Point, about 6 miles north of us. Joe was again at the steersman's place, and I busied myself in freeing the boat of some of the wavecrests which had taken passage when we were beating to windward. As the bailing pan was doing duty as an aquarium, I used a cup, which made rather slow work; but at last our vessel was fairly dry again.

The anemones were still living, though the larger ones kept shut up most of the time; the little ones seemed to feel quite at home, and their tentacles were at full spread. The starfish was sliding slowly along the side of the pan, its limbs disposed in such crooked style that the star was far from regular or symmetrical.

A freight propellor passed down the bay, not far from us; and soon after two schooners came up from seaward, one after the other. Their sails were spread "wing-and-wing" and as they overhauled us by degrees, it was curious to see how many different shapes they presented, as our point of view changed.



WING-AND-WING

After a while, I noticed that our bows were pointing more to the westward.

"Mind your steering, you'll fetch us way inside Quonset Point!"

"Never you mind; I'll make the point all right. But I want to take a closer look at that beacon first."

"Oh, yes, the Spindle, that's all right. There's Fox Island, over to the west; it looks bigger than it really is, from where we are now."

The Spindle seemed a mere black speck, rising from the waters far out from shore; but when we came up to it, it proved to be a very substantial affair. The solid, four-sided tower was faced with large stones carefully squared and laid, though rough-hewn on the

From the book, JOE & I, or, ADVENTURES DOWN THE BAY
Wallace P. Stanley, Author H.N. Cady, Illustrator

Published in 1901

Adventures Down the Bay



THE SPINDLE

outside; and each course projected a little, as the pile diminished upward, so that it was easy for us to scramble to the top, from the middle of which rose a strong iron post, bearing wings or vanes at the top of a lattice-work structure, which we had taken for a knob or ball, while yet some distance off.

The cluster of rocks, scarcely rising above the surface, which formed the foundation of the tower, accounted sufficiently for its being there.

"Nobody'd be looking for rocks, so far from land as this. I wouldn't care to come thumping on these, the way we did on Dyer's Island."

"No, 'twould be rather rough camping here. We'd have to tie ourselves to the post, so as not to roll off when we got asleep, and the TRITON'd have a pretty gritty time on the rocks, meanwhile. There comes the EOLUS down the harbor."

"There's another rocky bit cropping up, midway between here and Quonset Point; they don't seem to think it's worth while to mark that."

"Maybe it's a softer kind of rock. But look at the channel buoys; they show that the regular way to Wickford lies south of here, and no craft of much account is likely to get near those rocks."

"Except the TRITON, we'll go close to them on our way up past the point."

We took turns shinning up the post and perching as high as we could, and then descended and pulled in the TRITON, which was wabbling about in the lee of the rocks.

"Well, I suppose this thing'll last a deal longer than the old pier, but I wouldn't swap that for half a dozen of these," said Joe, as we started off again.

"You'd better take the helm for a while; my arms haven't got rested yet."

I laid our course anew for the point. We passed close to the other ledge, which was called Black Rock on the map, though we couldn't see that they were any blacker than most rocks.

"They look brown to me, same as any others that the tide washes over," remarked Joe, "but Brown

Rock would sound rather queer, that's a fact."

After scudding past the low, sandy shore of Quonset Point, the coast receded somewhat to the westward, then pushed out again to Calf Pasture Point, to which I now directed our course; it was from there that we had decided to cross to the east side of Conanicut and go down to Oldport, as on our previous voyage. We could look across between Prudence and Conanicut and see part of Aquiday, far and blue in the distance. A steamboat came into sight, on the way from Oldport, and stopped a few minutes at the landing on the west shore of Prudence, then continued its journey up the bay.

As we neared the point, the tide was part way out, and still falling. A couple of men were digging clams.

"Let's try and get a few, to put with the mussels, for supper," proposed Joe. "We can camp in Allen's Harbor beyond."

"O, well, 't isn't so very late; I guess we can get clams enough in season to go up into Potowomut River for the night. That's hardly as far as it is from Quonset here."

I steered the TRITON far enough within the entrance to the "harbor" to be out of the waves which were curling along the shore outside, and lowered sail, while Joe jumped out with the painter. Then we began stamping about the beach, and judiciously noting the results. After due prospecting, we each located a claim, and began delving, following up the retreating snouts of the bivalves. It proved to be pretty good "clamming" and in fifteen or twenty minutes we had unearthed about a peck; some of a bluish, slaty gray, others dingy white.

"How the sharp shells score into the end of a fellow's forefinger!" exclaimed Joe. "I'm going to wade in a little, and see if I can't tread out some quahaugs."

The quahaugs don't burrow in the mud like clams, but lie on the bottom below low water mark, like cobblestones. Sometimes they are hunted with oyster rakes, and sometimes people go for them with bare feet; and when they judge they feel one among the mud, gravel and kelp, they reach down and scoop him in. Either Joe's sense of touch wasn't cultivated in that direction, or the creatures were scarce; but after his left foot had been scored by a sharp stone or shell worse than his finger had been, he limped ashore, with three small quahaugs.

"I guess we've got enough," he said. "Now, shall we sail up further?"

"To be sure; the sun's an hour high, and it won't take half that time to get there. Come, let's wash off these clams and get them aboard."

Now the coast curved slightly inward once more, projecting again at Pojack Point, which became our goal in turn. The white buildings of Warwick light, three miles north, showed brightly in the low sunbeams against the heights behind, and as we coursed onward, the narrow outlook between it and Patience Island widened by degrees, showing a bit of the far Nayatt shore.

As we rounded Pojack Point, and steered westward into the calm water under its lee, the white cottony clouds ajround the horizon were turning yellow, and the sun seemed to rest just above the trees on Potowomut Neck, across the mouth of the river which we were entering.

"A pretty good sized stream," commented Joe. "Not 'specially fresh, though," he added, dipping his finger and tasting.

"No, it's a salt river, I guess we'll find, below the dam at the Forge, about two miles up."

"Come now, 'twon't do to go that far; we've got some cooking to do before night."

"I wasn't thinking of it; all we need is to get far enough for a good harbor. I've got to sleep in the boat this time; and I don't want to be waked up by rough water, any more than you did last night."

So I kept on until Marsh Point bore north, and we were fairly within the mouth of the river.

"There's a nice little nook on the south shore, only a little way ahead."

"Just what I was looking at," I responded, "in there we'll be pretty well sheltered, unless the wind should set in from the northeast, which isn't at all likely."

This bank rose considerably above the water, all along, here sloping steeply, there more gently; the opposite bank was more flat. I pointed the boat for the place we had noticed, where the shore made a turn to northwest for a little way; it was a pleasant looking spot, the steep grassy bluff dotted with scattered oaks and cedars, and dense, glossy green clumps of bayberry; and as we drew nearer, a tall bush near the shore was seen to be dotted with bright red.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Joe, who was standing up near the bow, ready to carry the painter ashore. "I believe, yes, there's a spring! Keep her steady, we're making right for it."

"That's good news!" said I; and in another moment I lowered the sail and stepped forward, while Joe jumped out on the damp, sandy beach. The spring was there, sure enough, just above the highest water-mark, hollowed in the clay and gravel, and partly walled with stones; above it spread a barberry bush, whose twigs were fringed with pendants of the bright, ripe berries.

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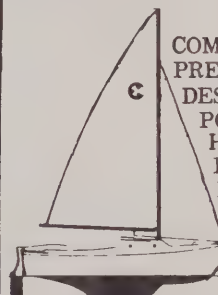
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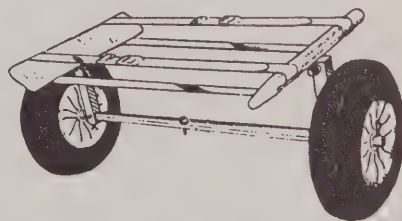
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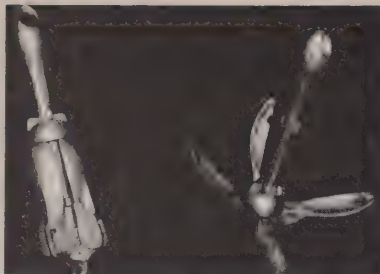
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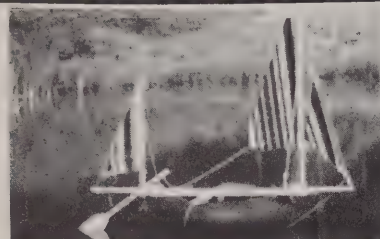
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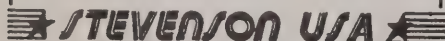
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THE SPRING

"We're in luck!" declared Joe, "let's have the jug, and I'll pour out that lukewarm stuff, hold on, though; give us the cup first," and he dipped a trial draught. "O.K., first class! Isn't it funny we should run right on a spring, without knowing it was here!"

We scattered around to get firewood; there wasn't much to be found along shore, in here, but I came upon a dead cedar whose resinous, though dried, foliage made a splendid crackling blaze. This soon died down, but the twigs kept up fire enough to boil the mussels; and we found enough more fuel, here and there, to cook a kettle full of clams, afterward. We finished the whole collection, the kettle wasn't very large, and had enough clams left uncooked to make a mess for the next morning. The bluff sloped up so steeply from the beach that Joe went up to the top where it was level, to pitch his shore tent. I told him that if he set it on the upper part of the shore, the water there would be only three or four inches high at flood, and it would ebb and flow underneath his cot without touching him; but he said, if anything gave way, he wanted to come down on dry land.

There were no houses in sight on our side of the river, which was here about a quarter of a mile wide. On the other side were three or four large, handsome houses, quite a distance apart; and two miles beyond rose the heights of Greenwich, with the glowing sunset clouds soaring above.

"We'll be there tomorrow," said I. "There's Coweset Bay to explore, and we can do it, whichever way the wind is. But first I want to follow this river up to the dam, for right by there is the birthplace of General Greene."

"Well, how is it, pretty crooked, like the Pequonset?"

"No, it's very decent, as far as we can go. I'll get the map and show you."

We pored over it a while by the fading light, then sought our cots, and slept soundly till after sunrise.

(To be continued)

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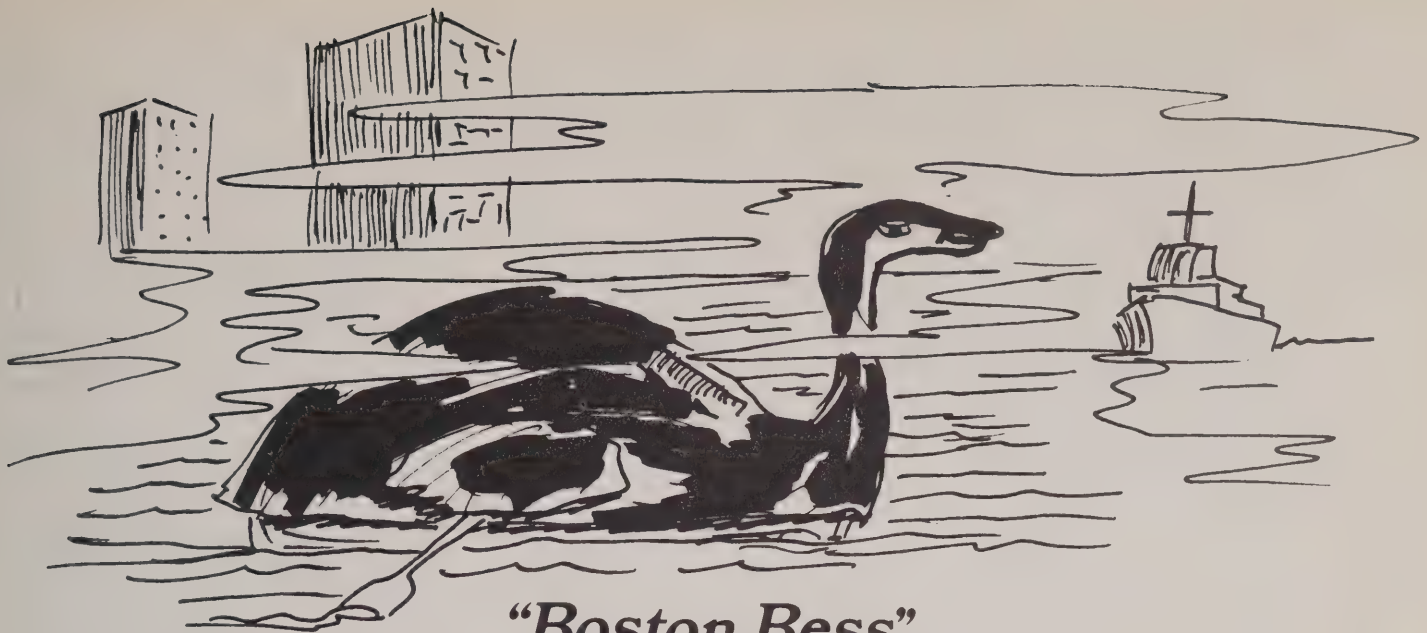
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"Boston Bess"

In the early 1800s, the citizens of Gloucester Massachusetts spotted what they considered a sea monster in their harbor. Roughly a century and a half later a dead basking shark washed ashore and New Englanders came to know it as the Scituate sea monster. In 1976 my brother and I decided that Boston Harbor needed its own monster. We were in the sea serpent spirit - I had just produced a film for the New England Aquarium about the Loch Ness Monster and it was getting near Halloween. So we built one.

Peter and I set up shop in a waterfront warehouse. We formed an arching wooden frame over a row-boat, stretched fiberglass fabric across the frame, carved a serpentine head and neck, and painted

the beast in shades of blue, gray, and green to resemble something we recalled from an old Disney cartoon. Then we fashioned two openings on each side of the monstrosity to accommodate oars and provide for the navigator. Finally, we attached two side flippers to the thing and named it Boston Bess.

At daybreak on the Saturday of the launch, Boston Harbor was as foggy as a gothic novel. We stealthily eased the creature into the water behind the warehouse and started to row the beast into maritime history. Saturday mornings along the Boston waterfront usually follow wild night-befores when Beantown celebrates the week's end. The harbor was just waking up with a hangover except for Bess and something else.

Emerging from a fog was a party boat heading out to sea with a load of fishermen. Its diesels rumbled. We rowed on. Suddenly, the boat took on a personality of its own. It stopped in its tracks, turned toward us, paused, then proceeded on as if saying to itself, "Naaaa, couldn't be." Then it stopped again, and turned toward us once more, doing a double take. Soon, a figure appeared on deck - I think it scratched its head - then disappeared. The boat chugged back on course.

I can only guess that the bewildered figure was the captain, but I'm sure that if it was, we never appeared in the logbook that day.

Story by Paul Erickson

Illustration by Carl Erickson

That intrepid yachtswoman Margaret Hicks (ex-*Anonymous Bay*) has spent the last few years cruising the South Pacific. From Cooks Bay, Moorea, she has written to us describing an incident she witnessed early one morning, when an American yacht was trying to get under way:

'... two things struck me as odd. First, that the yacht was motoring hard astern and yet didn't appear to be moving, and secondly, that its dinghy, secured at the bows, was rising in the air. Then I saw the problem - which the owner clearly had not. The dinghy was secured to the mooring buoy, but its painter was hooked around the samson post. He could continue if he liked, but getting that dinghy full out of the water and around the samson post was going to be one heck of a job!

'Soon he realised the foul up and put the engine slowly ahead as he went

Early one morning



forward to sort it out, leaving a big brown dog in the cockpit.

'I still cannot work out why he decided to jump into the dinghy. Perhaps he saw something he needed, perhaps he thought to pump it out. Either way, he should first have stopped the yacht. For she now went motoring serenely by, the dog with an abstract look on his face.

'Still, it wasn't the end of the world; the dinghy had an outboard motor.

One pull and it roared into life. It wouldn't have taken more than a couple of seconds to catch the yacht ... if he had thought to let go the mooring.

'Into the water he went, sunglasses, shorts and shoes. He might have let go the mooring, but the knot had jammed up tight. So he did the only thing possible and struck out after the yacht. And all credit to him, for he caught her up, heaved himself aboard and was just in time to haul her round and miss the harbour wall, the dog continuing to stare into the middle distance.

'How quickly a drama can pass. Now everything was still once more, the mountains, the trees, the beaches, all impeccable witnesses. Only one flaw to ruin the picture, only one reminder. A dinghy with its outboard at full revs going round and round on its mooring.'

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM WINTER EVENTS

The Apprenticeship at the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, ME, has scheduled a winter series of evening workshops on various traditional boat building and maintenance skills to run during the winter through mid-April of 1987. All but one are in two three-hour sessions on weekday evenings. Seven are at the Percy & Small Shipyard in Bath, three others are at the instructors' facilities.

FEBRUARY 18-19: Sail Repair & Maintenance with Nat Wilson (at his loft in East Boothbay, ME).

MARCH 11-12: Caulking with John Maritato.

APRIL 1-2: Painting & Finishing with Paul Bryant (at his Riverside Boatyard).

APRIL 22-23: Oarmaking with John Burke.

Sessions run 7-10 p.m. evenings. Fee per workshop is \$35 (non-members of MMM).

The Museum also has scheduled a series of lectures relating to maritime history in Maine. These are as follows:

FEBRUARY 18: "The AMARETTO & Maine's Herring Fishery", by Joe Upton.

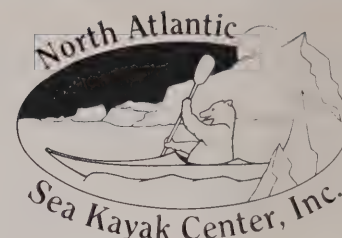
MARCH 18: "The Murals of Fort Popham", by Diane Longley and Larry Rakovan.

APRIL 1: "Building the ELIZABETH", by O. Lie-Nielsen.

The above events are all at 7:30-9 p.m. at the Patten Free Library, 33 Summer St. in Bath, ME. Non-member admission to each is \$2.

On FEBRUARY 9th a special program featuring the Maine film premier of "American Promise", the story of Dodge Morgan's record setting non-stop around the world solo sail, will be held at the Portland Stage Co., 25A Forest Ave. in Portland, ME. A reception at 5:30 precedes the 6:30 p.m. film showing. Advance non-member tickets are \$20 each, at the door \$25 each.

For more information or to reserve tickets, contact the Maine Maritime Museum, 963 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.



FLORIDA KEYS KAYAKING

Mark Sutton of the North Atlantic Sea Kayak Center in Newburyport, MA, is taking interested kayakers on 7-day guided tours of the Florida Keys in February and March. One trip scheduled for March 14-22 is sponsored by the Division of Continuing Education of Northern Essex Community College in Haverhill, MA. This trip's estimated cost will be \$945 per person, which includes everything you'll need except personal gear: Transport from Boston to Miami by air, food, lodging, ground transport in Florida, kayaking and camping gear. Mark is a professional geologist and certified EMT and has paddled extensively on the North Atlantic coast and in the Caribbean. For further details call trip coordinator Nancy Brown at (617) 374-3800 or write to her at the Division of Continuing Education, Northern Essex Community College, Elliott Way, Haverhill, MA 01830. To talk about this, and his other trips, with Mark Sutton, call him at (617) 465-6989.



MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM

SUMMER SAILING PROGRAMS AT MYSTIC SEAPORT

Again in 1987, Mystic Seaport Museum will run summer long sailing programs in two major categories.

The JOSEPH CONRAD program for youths 12 to 17 provides 6 or 10 day sail training programs utilizing the Seaport's 9' Dyer Dhow sailing dinghies on the water, and setting and furling of the sails on the CONRAD (it doesn't go anywhere). The program is provided in both beginner and intermediate levels. Participants live aboard the CONRAD and partake of many Museum exhibits as part of the awareness of the heritage of the sea this program provides. Fees range from \$250 to \$490.

The BRILLIANT program is for youths 15 to 19 and for adults. Participants sail on week-long cruises on the 62' schooner working

the ship as crew during the cruise under the direction of the captain and mate. The teen age groups of 9 also have an adult leader along. The cruises range Long Island Sound out to Nantucket. There will be 4-day weekend cruises for adults, as well as 6 and 10 days cruises for youth and adults. Two ocean passages to Halifax, NS, are also scheduled for teenager groups. Either individuals or groups may take part in either program. Fees range from \$375 to \$780.

Weekend cruises on the BRILLIANT begin May 15th, teen cruises June 14th. The CONRAD youth programs commence on June 21st.

Applications and further information are available from Alicia Crossman, Dept. MTP, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

MYSTIC SEAPORT MAJOR EVENTS

Mystic seaport Museum has four major boating events scheduled for 1987, as follows:

JUNE 6-7: Small craft Workshop for traditional small boat enthusiasts.

JULY 25: Antique & Classic Boat Rendezvous for those who love

the old power and sailing craft of yesteryear.

OCTOBER 3: Invitational Schooner Race for classic wooden schooners.

OCTOBER 24: Dyer Dhow Derby, dinghy racing by east coast yacht club members.

For further information on any of these events, contact the Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355, (203) 572-0711.

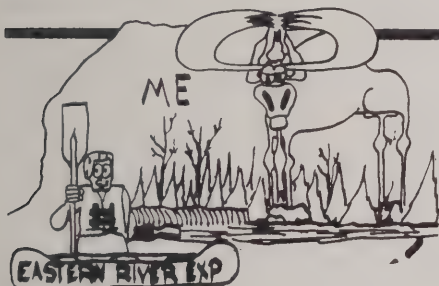
SNOW ROW '87

Ed McCabe has announced that the Snow Row will take place on Sunday, February 21st at noon at the beach by the Hull Lifesaving Museum's Boathouse on Pemberton Point in Hull. Ed wants to attract more Alden ocean shell rowers so he's offering a separate class for them. The usual classes for kayaks and a variety of traditional rowing craft will be provided. For more details on entering, call Ed McCabe at (617) 925-4826.



SMALL BOAT SHOW SCHEDULED

The North American Small Boat Show is on again this spring, May 15-17, at the Newport Yachting Center. This is a bit over three months away yet, but if you are in the trade at all and have thought about a place to display your small boats for the public to learn about your work, this is it. The "large" end of this show is around 30' LOA, but overwhelmingly the boats are much smaller. There are many outboard platforms of various mod stylings, but amongst all that glitz are the real boats, rowing, paddling, sailing craft in fiberglass and even some in wood. The sliding seat market is well represented at the Show as are many small day-sailers and camper/cruisers. If you want to know more about the Show as a potential exhibitor, contact Abby Murphy, North American Small Boat Show, P.O. Box 549, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1600.



WET & WILD RIVER ADVENTURES

Eastern River Expeditions again sent us their tabloid catalog of adventures on roaring rivers aboard rafts or kayaks in Maine, New York and West Virginia. They have something for anyone thinking of a guided adventure on scary rivers, as well as schools and summer camps for canoeing and kayaking. They run a sort of base camp on Moosehead Lake in Maine, as well. They'll probably send you a copy of this tabloid if you ask, they are Eastern River Expeditions, Box 1173, Greenville, ME 04441, (207) 695-2411 or (207) 695-2248.

PLATT'S GEODESIC ON SHOW

Reader Walter Fullam reports seeing one of Platt Monfort's Geodesic small boats suspended in the 40 foot high atrium of the recently opened American Craft Museum at 40 West 53rd St., New York, NY. Platt always said his boats were lightweight.



NORWALK SEAPORT ASSOCIATION'S

Oyster Festival

NORWALK FALL SMALL BOAT SHOW

It's a long way off yet, but the publicity is out, so here goes. The Norwalk Seaport Association's 1987 Oyster Festival on September 11-13 will include a much expanded small boat show, sponsored by SMALL BOAT JOURNAL. The Festival draws 125,000 people from the well-to-do Connecticut enclave of Fairfield County and New York's Westchester County. More details later in the year, but if you're in the trade and want to know more about exhibiting your products for this crowd, contact Rob Dwelley at (617) 636-6736 or Ann Wells at (203) 866-5545.



VOYAGE

TO

ANTARCTICA

DEC. 1986 - FEB. 1987

ANTARCTIC ROW IMMINENT

Adventurer Ned Gillette, who will attempt to row a 28' aluminum dory (looks more like a surf lifeboat, actually) from Cape Horn to Antarctica across the 550 mile wide Drake Passage with three companions, was poised awaiting favorable wind conditions on January 2nd (last notice we got before press time for this issue). Gillette had been flown over the proposed route by the Chilean Navy and found lots of ice still out there despite the advent of the southern spring. He stated that the ice was open enough to maneuver the Sea Tomato through and he felt that it actually might help in breaking the full force of the westerly gales that blow most of the time in the area. Gillette and his three crew members were awaiting the infrequent northeast winds they needed for their start, to set them westward of their desired course so that when the prevailing westerlies return, they can make leeway to the east and still touch down on the Antarctic peninsula. They have to be underway by February 1st or scrub the adventure for this year. If you want the up-to-date details, call Mary Scott at (415) 527-9700.

HOW MANY BOATS?

Ted Coyer tells us of how he handles the questions he gets about all of his boats. "How come you have six boats?" was the recent question. "Because I've sold one", was Ted's response. I like that.



RHODE ISLAND CANOE ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES 10 YEARS

1987 is the Tenth Anniversary Year for the Rhode Island Canoe Association, and they plan several major activities in observation of this occasion. On May 16th they will host a Canoe Jamboree at which any interested persons will be invited to experience all aspects of canoeing; sailing, poling, basic paddling, restoration, kayaking. June 6th is the big Canoe/Kayak Regatta, a trip they wish to make VERY BIG to impress upon the public the scale of canoe sport. July 11th will be a campout on Dutch Island in Narragansett Bay. August 12th will be the Birthday Picnic at Lincoln Woods State Park. Tentatively on for September 12th is a biathlon. New members are being solicited, if you'd like to join in the canoe fun in Rhode Island this season, contact the Rhode Island Canoe Association, c/o Paul Paradis, Pole 48 Scott Rd., Cumberland, RI 02864.

CANOE SAILING

Larry Zuk of Concord, MA, edits the DOWNEAST SAILOR, a periodic newsletter for those interested in sailing canoes. He assiduously promotes interest in canoe sailing and provides a reference service for anyone wishing to inquire into this sort of messing about in boats. He can supply names and addresses of canoe sailors near to you and designs for canoe rigs and sails. With some friends, he usually hosts early spring canoe sailing clinics on Lake Cochituate in Framingham, MA. If this is of interest to you, write to Larry Zuk, 19 Prairie St., Concord, MA 01742.



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SEAWAY FESTIVAL
410 MILES — JUNE, 1962

NEW YORK WORLD'S
FAIR
2,000 MILES — JUNE, 1964

"MORE TO COME"

TIMBER TONY TURNS UP

A subscription arrived from "Timber Tony" Calery of Sault Ste. Marie, MI, recently, with some clippings out of the past. Back in 1964 the self-styled "World's Greatest Rower" rowed what appears to be a sort of Rangeley Lake Guideboat from his home to the World's Fair in New York, over 2,000 miles on the lakes and canals route of bygone days of commerce. In 1984 he tried to arrange a repeat trip for the 1986 Statue of Liberty Centennial, but it didn't happen. He used to do "local" 400 mile trips across the great lakes to various area festivals, but when he tried to find sponsors, he ran into reluctance on the part of firms to put their names behind a guy who cannot swim, rowing a small open boat over what are viewed as dangerous waters. Tony's not given up yet, though, he's got in mind now (at age 67) doing the whole 2,000 mile thing again in honor of Michigan's 150th birthday this year. Just a hope at present, it seems.

MICRO, OLD SHOE & CO.

Elrow LaRowe is a retired guy in Florida who got involved with Phil Bolger on having a simple, comfortable small sailboat for a big older guy to enjoy designed.

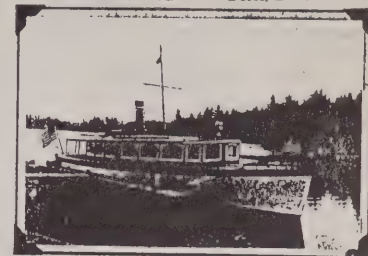


He went on into the plans business and now offers plans for several Bolger designed craft along these lines. MICRO is the first and most famous, but there have been others since; OLD SHOE, BRICK, and soon, SUPER BRICK. LaRowe puts out a newsletter ('it's just that, a page closely packed with typing on both sides) to a loyal following of folks who have bought his plans, and while it discusses what is happening out there in builder land, it also carries on lengthy personal reminiscing and philosophizing by LaRowe. It's sort of like a lengthy phone call from a fellow boat nut and amateur philosopher. Elrow will send you info on the 5 boat plans he now offers, and probably a copy of the newsletter too, for \$2.50. He's at 185 Amarillo St., Port Rickey, FL 33568.

KAYAK SPINNAKER

STEAMBOAT NEWS

Issue No. 13
Jan/Feb 1982



U. S. 918A, 47.5' 1898 Stinchey compound engine, Thompson water-tube boiler
burns wood on coal. Hull built 1909. Owned by David Thompson, 1000 Lawrence
Ave. Humphreys, U.S.A. Dick Nelson, master.

THE 1906 LEE'S MILLS STEAMBOAT MEET

by Richard W. T. Bell
Box 152, Battleboro Road

New Hampshire is blessed with many attractions, but perhaps no more outstanding than the White Mountains, and the beautiful lakes region, frequented by Lake Winnepesaukee. According to Paul Blaisdell's book, "Famous Scenic Areas of Winnepesaukee" that beautiful lake has 72 square miles, is 21 miles long, and involves an automobile ride of 163 miles to view almost it. 274 habitable islands lend beauty and protection to the boats that have used these waters for 200 years.

Ever since the stage coach wheeled left their tracks in the dirt, and the steel rails that followed, the mountains and lakes have been a playground for millions of visitors from the large cities to the south as well as the natives.

STEAMBOAT NEWS is a nice little periodical full of news of interest to steamboaters. Bill Warren Mueller has been cranking this out for two years now, and the January/February 1987, issue starts his third year, with 663 members now in the International Steamboat Society served by the newsletter. The 32 page issues are packed with reports on the technical side of steamboating, including photos and diagrams, with a lot of input from the readers/members. If the subject interests you, send Bill \$2 for a sample copy, Steamboat News is at Rt. 1, Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149.

A two-panel cartoon. In the first panel, a man in a sailor suit points at a small boat on a trailer with a "FOR SALE" sign, telling another man to "KICK". In the second panel, the boat is broken apart, and the man in the sailor suit exclaims "IT'S A DEAL!" while the other man looks on.

By Carl Erickson

ACA SAILING CANOEISTS

Canoe sailing races and cruises. Larry Zuk, 189 Prairie St., Concord, MA 01742, (617) 369-6668.

ALDEN OCEAN SHELL ASSOCIATION

Recreational and competitive rowing in Alden Ocean Shells. Martin Marine, P.O. Box 251, Kittery Pt. ME 03905.

AMOSKEAG ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Connecticut River at Manchester, NH. 95 Market St., Manchester, NH 03101.

ANORAK

Association of North Atlantic Kayakers, for anyone interested in sea kayaking along our coasts. Bi-monthly newsletter, paddling companions, safety and paddling training, group trips. Bill Lozano, 14 Heather Dr., Suffern, NY 10901.

BRAVE BOAT HARBOR BOAT CLUB

Informal racing and camp cruising in traditional small craft in Kittery Pt., ME, area. Lance Gunderson, 226A Harbor Rd., Kittery Pt. ME 03905, (207) 439-9623.

CAPE ANN ROWING CLUB

Promoting the enjoyment of rowing on the Massachusetts north shore with periodic gatherings on the water and ashore in season. Call Pat at (617) 546-9607 or John at (617) 546-9022.

CAPE COD FROSTY CLASS ASSOCIATION

Frostbite racing of Cape Cod Frosty dinghies winters on Cape Cod. P.O. Box 599, Harwich, MA 02645.

CHELSEA ROWING CLUB

Recreational and competitive rowing on the Thames River at Norwich, CT. P.O. Box 22, Norwich, CT 06360, (203) 822-8269.

COMMUNITY ROWING

Sliding seat rowing classes on Charles River in Cambridge, MA. P.O. Box 2604, Cambridge, MA 02238.

CONNECTICUT CANOE RACING ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Connecticut rivers. Geoff Latsha, 5 West Granby Rd., Granby, CT 06035.

CONNECTICUT RIVER OAR & PADDLE CLUB

Enjoying recreational outings in canoes, kayaks, traditional and modern rowing craft on the Connecticut and its estuaries. 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-2343.

Directory of Clubs

In the interest of assisting those wishing for increased participation in messing about in boats with others, we're setting up a directory of clubs involving that sort of boating. What sort of boating? Whatever sort that has brought together people already into some sort of club organization. In this issue we'll start it off with a few we know of already as an example to others. You are invited to send us your club's details along the lines of those published herewith. No charge for this, we expect to run the list once a month, every other issue, alternating it with the Directory of Projects. Send your listing to Boats, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984.

KAYAK & CANOE CLUB OF NEW YORK

Promotes activities for those interested in decked boat whitewater paddling from the metropolitan New York city area. Pierre de Rham, Box 195, Garrison, NY 10524.

MERRIMACK RIVER WATERSHED COUNCIL

Promotes environmental awareness of river conditions on the Merrimack River in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Runs canoeing trips for interested public. 694 Main St., W. Newbury, MA 01985, (617) 363-5777.

METROPOLITAN CANOE & KAYAK CLUB

Recreational paddling and sailing of canoes and kayaks in and around the metropolitan New York City area. P.O. Box 1868, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

MINUTEMAN MODEL YACHT CLUB

Radio controlled model yacht racing. Jack Sullivan, 33 Rustic Rd., E. Walpole, MA 02032, (617) 668-7163.

NATIONAL TOWN CLASS ASSOCIATION

Racing and cruising in Town Class sailboats, mostly on Massachusetts north shore. 17A Maple St., Nahant, MA 01908.

NOANK WOODEN BOAT ASSOCIATION

Promoting activities for persons interested in wooden boats of all types. P.O. Box 506, Noank, CT 06340.

NORTH SHORE ROWING CLUB

Sliding seat recreational rowing on the Massachusetts north shore. Bill Graham, 7 Ward St., Ipswich, MA 01938.

NORWALK ROWING CLUB

Promoting recreational rowing in the Norwalk, CT, area with regularly scheduled weekday and weekend outings. Call (203) 846-9167 or (203) 846-8251.

RHODE ISLAND CANOE ASSOCIATION

Canoe racing and cruising on Rhode Island rivers. Paul Paradis, Pole 48, Scott Rd., Cumberland, RI 02864.

RHODES 19 CLASS ASSOCIATION

Promotes racing of the classic Rhodes 19 daysailer nationwide. George Lail, 22 West Shore Dr., Marblehead, MA 01945.

SEBAGO CANOE CLUB

Canoe and kayak paddling and sailing races and cruises in the metropolitan New York City area and elsewhere on scheduled outings. Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11236.

SOUTHEASTERN MASS. AMC

Canoe and kayak recreational paddling on southeastern Massachusetts rivers, estuaries and bays. Chuck Wright, 123 Chester St., N. Falmouth, MA 02556.

TSCA OF THE PEABODY MUSEUM

Monthly meetings of persons interested in all forms of small boating, at the Peabody Museum in Salem, MA, 1st Thursday evening of each month, September through June. Speakers, films, demonstrations, slide shows. Bob Hicks, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, (617) 774-0906.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT ASSOCIATION

Promotes preservation, enjoyment of traditional small craft types, quarterly newsletter, organized meets. Ralph Notaristefano, 3 Jay Ct., Northport, NY 11768.



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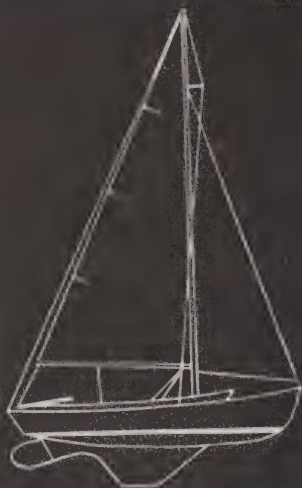
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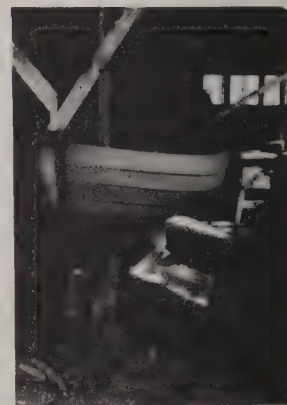
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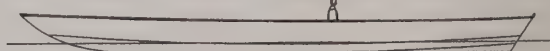


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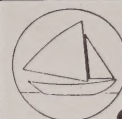
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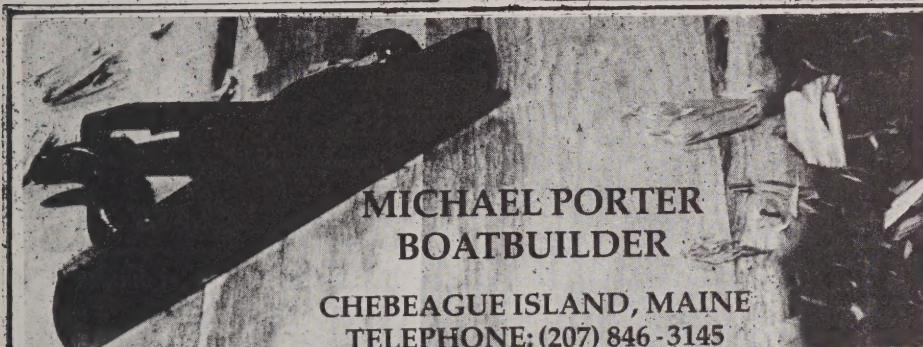


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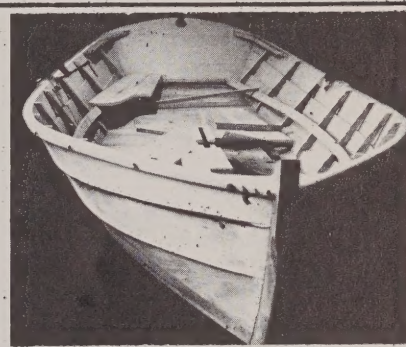
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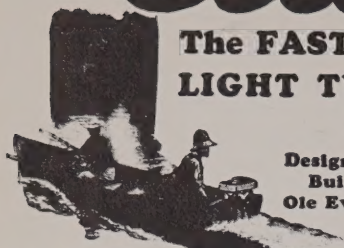
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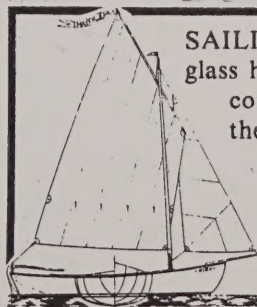
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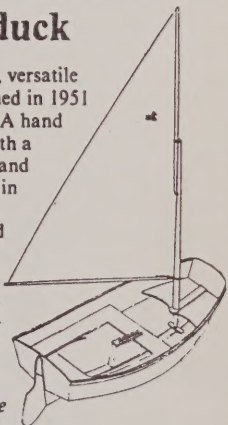
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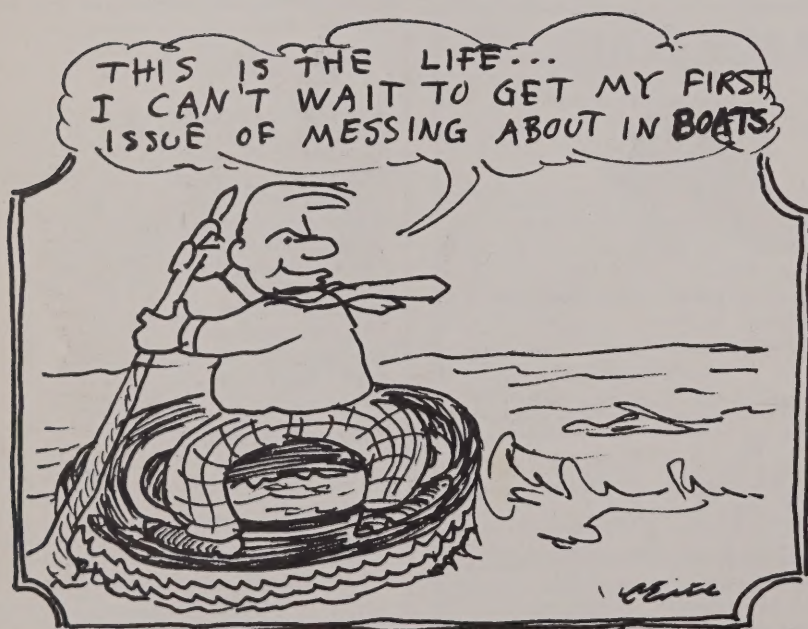


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